VASSAR COLLEGE LIBRARY
SEP 27 1935

10 CENTS

"ALL THE NEWS PRINTED TO FIT"—Page 3

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR

October, 1935

THE MUNITION MAKERS GO HUNTING

by H. C. ENGELBRECHT

NEXT to furnishing machines of slaughter for war, the biggest business of the munitions makers is in the hunting industry. There are 7,500,000 hunters in the United States. Their annual outlay, estimated modestly, is $300,000,000. Of this, $40,000,000 goes directly to the manufacturers of guns and ammunition. Hunting is obviously "big business."

Nobody knows exactly what our national kill is, but between 10,000,000 and 14,000,000 migratory birds alone go into the bag each year. And 8,000,000 humble little muskrats lay themselves on the altar of business and vanity. It's a gory altar.

Wild life began to disappear from our land about 1900. The cause was obvious. The number of hunters was growing with frenzied rapidity. What had been one hunter in 1890 was at least six hunters in 1900. The automatic and pump guns did the trick. Various conservation groups rushed into action to save our resources of life from this mechanical death. They fought against the automatic guns and tried to reduce the hunting season. In 1907 Pennsylvania barred the automatic gun, and nine other states considered following this example.

The gun-makers became jittery. An automatic gun costs more than the old-fashioned kind. And it uses a lot more shells! Something must be done to protect our tender industry of carnage.

And it was done. The bosses looked around and saw that what threatened their business was the conservation movement. One of them must have remembered the Biblical injunction, "Agree with thine adversary quickly." Instead of fighting the conservation movement, they joined it. Just the way the alligator joins the pickaninny when it swallows him.

Game protection and propagation were all right—in fact, necessary, if hunting was to continue. But this fact, the gun-makers argued, need not involve a curtailment of hunting—and, incidentally, of the gun business. Birds and beasts were dwindling because of predatory creatures, lack of breed-

(Continued on page 6)

TWO CENTS FOR FIORELLO LA GUARDIA

by ALLAN CHASE

"Mayor LaGuardia—a splendid choice! You have never been a member of our party and though, strictly speaking, we are not allowed to love anyone outside of our party [the Socialist Party], we still have many a warm hearted affection for the Chief Executive of our city. There are some members of our party who feel that reform is needed in the ranks of radical Socialists in general. They want a broader outlook. So we can consider the Mayor one of us."
—The great Abraham Cahan, at the induction of Socialist Jacob Panken as Justice of Domestic Relations Court, January 1, 1935.

THE liberals, together with the right wing of the Socialist Party, always referred to the mayor as "Fiorello" before the elections. It was a very friendly "Fiorello," too. He was secretly with them. Like Roosevelt, he would proceed to bring about Socialism-in-our-own-time under the unsuspecting noses of the Wall Street boys.

Not very long after the inauguration the liberals and the right Socialists had a change of heart. Now they speak of him prosaically as "The Little Flower," and they use the term with all the bitterness that individuals with zweiback spines can summon. To this day, whenever they make a dollar purchase, they always slap down their 2% sales tax with a cutting, ". . . and two cents for the Little Flower."

Today the idealists are in their third stage. When they speak of La Guardia they usually say: "That god-damned fascist bastard," and let it go at that.

Now they wail that La Guardia is good for nothing. As usual, they are wrong. The mayor is very good at shaking a pudgy fist in the direction of a Hitler 3500 miles away. He is also very good at conducting Edwin Franko Goldman's brass band on the Mall in Central Park. In addition, he throws the best fast ball of any mayor in the big league cities. What else the Little Flower is good

(Continued on page 9)

MENDACITY ON A FACTORY BASIS

by SIDNEY WALLACH

ON APRIL 1, 1930, approximately twenty newspapers shocked Germany with a sensation. Their Warsaw correspondent reported the discovery of new documents from which it appeared that in the occupation of the city during the World War, the commanding general had received an invitation from Grand Rabbi Rachmonas to visit his home. A week later, the documents showed, the general, surrounded by his entire staff, drove through the streets of Warsaw's ghetto to call upon Rabbi Rachmonas. They found him, an earlocked gentleman dressed in his religious vestments, in a room crowded with his disciples who at once set up a chant, "*Baruch habu, baruch habu, der General is du.*" (Welcome, welcome, the general is here.) Followed, so wrote the correspondent, a veritable love feast. The rabbi and the general exchanged mutual compliments and the meeting ended with the general accepting an invitation to a bite and smacking his lips over a tasty dish of *gefuelte fish.*

That was all. But since the general of the story was Erich von Ludendorf, German war lord, reactionary, and violent Jew-baiter, the sensation spread with the rapidity of a prairie fire. To Jews who read this story it was a palpable hoax. Warsaw has no chief rabbi. The name given in the dispatch was obviously humorous; it was a Hebrew word meaning "compassion." The chant welcoming the general was a traditional humorous couplet used by Jewish schoolboys. Besides, the date of the publication was Germany's April Fool's Day.

It did indeed turn out to be an April Fool story. Yet long after the exposure it was to plague the general until he had to institute legal suit to obtain a retraction.

But even that did not kill the story. For in the reactionary circles in which Ludendorf

(Continued on page 7)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WAGE SLAVERY IN NEW ENGLAND

by JOHN LOWELL

[*The following article is based on notes made by a veteran New York newspaper man, who began an industrial survey of New England immediately after the collapse of the NRA. The information obtained by him, aided by three other investigators, has not hitherto been published, either by his own or any other paper. The name of the writer is fictitious.*—THE EDITOR.]

Blue Eagle Body Snatchers

THIS is, basically, the story of nine black-robed judges who managed to keep one little factory girl from going to the toilet. That notable achievement was perfected by locking the door—literally—and hanging the key out of reach.

Some Connecticut chiselers were already dancing on the grave of the Blue Eagle within forty-eight hours after its demise. They launched a movement which spread through the New England textile centers with disturbing rapidity. Before the bird was decently interred, thousands of busy chisels were chipping away at the Hours and Wages inscribed on its monument.

Nobody of importance bewails that friendless Fowl, whose already-forgotten epitaph reads:

"Sacred to the Memory of
Fourteen Dollars and Forty Hours."

Employers denounced the living Bird, and radicals sneered at it. Now that it is dead, nobody grieves for it—except thousands of embittered workers.

They may know very little about politics, economics or dialectical materialism. But they *do* know that they have caught hell since the Supreme Court declared the NRA unconstitutional. New England's industrial workers caught most of it at first. Almost immediately they were staggered by increased hours, reduced wages and petty abuses.

A fiery little French matron—one of the 2034 members of her sex employed in the factories of South Norwalk, Conn., greeted us cautiously. Three children played around the poverty-stricken home, while a jobless and bewildered husband contributed occasional remarks to the conversation.

Madame Le Blanc (the name is fictitious) talked more freely after she read a letter of introduction from Miss Mamie Santora, the very able supervisor of the Amalgamated Association of Clothing Workers at Bridgeport. Miss Santora had recommended Madame Le Blanc warmly: "You can rely upon what she tells you. I have known her a long time. She's one of the most expert operators in the industry." Madame Le Blanc had a great deal to tell.

"I am so sorry the Blue Eagle is dead!" The little matron sighed as if she had lost a member of her family. "The boss told us the day after they killed it. He stood up and made a speech. He laughed at us. He said: 'You've had *your* fun for a year and a half. Now it's *our* turn.'

"So now the boss locks the—the—pardon, M'sieur, but he does! He locks the toilet at 7:30 in the morning, as soon as the girls sit down to their machines; and he does not unlock it until 12:30, when they stop for lunch. Then he locks it again at 1 o'clock, and keeps it locked till 5."

She drew a long breath. "Even before the Blue Eagle ended, they started cutting the wages. Look! here are the last two pays I got, even while we had the Eagle. Now, of course, it is worse!"

Bobbing about the room, like a withered little bird, she finally produced the pay envelopes. One of them had contained her remuneration for 40 hours' work. It was marked $7.18. The other held her wages for 28 hours. It was $5.04.

She said, "I am a good operator. When the Blue Eagle came I made $25 each week. I turned out my 175 dresses a week. Then they began this chiseling. Before long, I was lucky if I made $10 or $11 a week. Then it got worse. Then they began making us 'stay after school.'"

"Stay after school?" asked the investigator. "What do you mean?"

"That's what they call it," she answered. "The boss himself calls it that. Just before quitting time, the forelady comes round and picks all of us that talked to each other during the day. Even if you just said one word to your neighbor, you have to stay 'after school.' They fill a whole table with us, and make us work to make up for lost time.

"There is a little crippled girl up in Norwalk. She can't hurry to get to work on time, and sometimes she is a little late. If she is five minutes late, they make her stay thirty minutes 'after school.' The boss told her: 'If you don't like your job, you can get out!' And she *has* to earn a living."

Madame Le Blanc called in some of her neighbors—fellow workers—to reënforce her testimony. She told about the bootleg factory that runs all night long in an attic, and sends its goods out to the workers' homes in their own suit cases. She told about the factories that hired her as a "beginner," even during the NRA, and paid her a beginner's wages of $6 a week for thirteen weeks—then fired her as soon as the code would have forced her salary increase.

She proved an expert on petty chiseling. She brought out her collection of samples: bits of goods on which she had worked in various Norwalk factories. They proved of great interest to the former Code Authority executive, who acted as an expert adviser during the survey.

He ran over them with knowing fingers.

"Cotton," he pronounced. "What was the wage scale for this?"

"They said it was $13," said Madame Le Blanc.

"O.K.," declared the expert. "And this?"

"The same," she replied.

He struck a match and ignited the swatch. It flamed riotously. Quickly he extinguished it, and sniffed the charred surface.

"Rayon," he diagnosed. "They didn't pay $13 a week for working on *this?*"

"Yes, they did—at first," she insisted. "Later it was less. They said it was cotton."

"Chiselers!" raged the expert. "The code called for $22.05."

The Le Blancs agreed that the future looked hopeless. "We can't even have a union in Norwalk," they said. "Miss Santora came over to organize the girls, and hundreds of them promised to attend the meeting. Not a single one showed up. The bosses passed the word—and they were afraid."

Up at Hartford, Labor Commissioner Joseph Tone flamed angrily as he discussed the flood-tide of post-NRA chiseling, welling from every corner of his state. He was especially bitter about child labor.

"Sweat shops have moved from the factory into the home," declared the youthful head of the State Labor Department. "At Devon I recently found 75 presses that had been moved from the factories into the homes—and veritable babies toiled about them. Even under the NRA," he continued, "whole families were discovered working far into the night for wages as low as $1.75 a week! Recent studies in the department have revealed 5,000 persons engaged in such home-work. Two-thirds of them were not even affected by the NRA. Children as young as five years of age have been found working there. *That would break your heart to see!*

"But can't you control it?" he was asked. "You have your Child Labor Law now. Why don't you use it?"

The husky young man (whose work has been cited as a national model by Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins) brought his fist down on the desk with terrific force.

"Use it?" he barked. "Well, look here. Here's what I said in my Annual Report." The words gleamed bleak and bare: "The enforcement of any law regulating home-work is impossible, unless an inspector can be assigned to every city block where home-workers are employed."

Joe Tone shook his head. "I haven't enough inspectors," he added, simply.

The commissioner turned back to his records. The figures told a horrible story, but it was necessary to read between the lines to interpret the misery and squalor they depicted. Even in 1934, when the NRA was in effect, 90% of the home-workers of the Nutmeg State had averaged less than $7.50 a week; and more than half of them received less than $5.

The State Labor Department made a survey of the home-work situation last year. They studied conditions in 129 families, and children under sixteen were discovered in 98 of those families.

"In those families, 246 children were discovered working at home-work." Thus the cold figures ran: "Half of them were less than twelve years old; 34 were eight years, and under; 12 were less than five years old."

Commissioner Tone continued: "Teachers report that it is not uncommon to have children fall asleep during the day, due to late hours the previous night!"

So much for some of the high-lights. Now for the background.

(Continued on page 16)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"ALL THE NEWS PRINTED TO FIT"

by GEORGE SIMPSON

ON January 23, 1924, the day that Lenin's death was announced to the world, the New York *Times*, in its leading editorial culminated seven years of misrepresentation of his doctrines and slander against his person with the statements that "Lenin's death finds the revolution of which he was the head a failure," and that "he was, in a real sense, Europe's first great Fascist." That same day, in its news columns where objectivity is presumed to be strictly adhered to, a story was run under the headline, "Lenin Lived To See His Theories Fail." Still not content, the editors took the opportunity the next day of comparing him with Ramsay MacDonald who had just become the first Labor Premier in English history. The editorial bears the heading, "MacDonald and Lenin," and the *Times* puts itself on the wrong side of history thus: "If the British people regard the advent of Labor Socialism without alarm, one reason is that they know that they have to deal with a Labor government soberly aware of its limitations and its responsibilities. . . . The example of Russia is a virtual guarantee against any tendency on the part of responsible Labor and Socialist leadership in Western Europe to run amuck."

The logic of error drove the *Times* still further—first into adolescent bewilderment and then into wish-fulfillment. On January 28 it said: "Why so much and so obviously sincere sorrow should be felt in Russia for the death of Lenin is a mystery." The next day the *Times* bade farewell to Lenin's memory in this manner: "The sober truth is that the absolute breakdown of the ill-judged experiment in Russia has made the capitalist system everywhere else stronger than it was before. One insensate effort of the Russian kind has been enough for this generation."

The *Times* first became aware of Lenin's existence when he arrived in Petrograd in April, 1917, one month after the charlatan Kerensky took power. Lenin's first aim as head of the Bolsheviki, then the left-wing of the Russian Social-Democratic Party, was to stop the war in Russia. For this he was branded a German agent, and until a few months after the armistice, the *Times* periodically accused him of this. On April 28 the *Times's* Petrograd correspondent wrote: "It is generally assumed that he is in the pay of Germany, and at any rate his return from Switzerland, facilitated as it was by the German government, leaves little doubt in the minds of the great majority of Russians that he is working in the interests of a separate peace at the instigation of Germany." On May 1 Lenin made the editorial page of the *Times* under the heading, "Germany's Agent a Failure." "The new government," we read, "took exactly the right course with respect to the German agent Lenine. His speeches in favor of immediate and separate peace were seditious, of course, and there was in them no small element of danger, but the leaders of the revolution decided that it was better to let the scoundrel talk than to make a martyr out of him."

In a special article, unsigned, on May 6, 1917, there was revealed the "Turbulent Record of Russia's Disturber, Lenine." He was referred to as "the arch-trouble maker against the new democratic regime in Russia." The next day, a special correspondent, one Herbert Bailey, wrote that "ignorant dreamers have been reënforced by shirkers, pacifists, and traitors, including Lenine." On June 25 the *Times* made the startling discovery that "Lenine's real name is Zederbluhm." A short time later it admitted that this discovery was a fraud. When Kerensky became Premier, succeeding Prince Lvov, the *Times* on July 22 said, "Lenin was suspect from the first. The Germans would never have allowed him to pass through Germany on his way to Russia if they had not been sure of their man."

In November, 1917, the Bolsheviks seized power and the *Times* became more worried than ever. On November 9 there appeared an editorial headed, "The Russian Overturn," which said, "We need not point out the disaster to the allied cause which a Bolsheviki triumph in Russia would be." Nine days later, one Donald C. Thompson, an American war photographer in Russia, reported to the gullible *Times* that Lenine was anti-American as well as pro-German. Mr. Thompson revealed the following secret information: "What Lenine talked about when he got to Petrograd and what the Bolsheviki have actually wanted to do was to take all the money out of the banks, and even the private houses, and just divide it up!" On November 22 the *Times* announced editorially that "It has been repeatedly charged and it is generally believed that they [Lenin(e) and Trotzky] are German agents in German pay and there is much supporting evidence." The next day, however, the paper, a dog for accuracy, carried the statement of a Frenchman that Lenin was not in the pay of Germany, but only a dreamer with hallucinations.

As a separate peace between Russia and Germany grew nearer, the *Times* grew wilder. Democracy, of course, was at stake. On November 23 it ran an editorial, "A Lenine-German Peace," arguing that "Separate peace, for which Lenine and Trotzky instructed the Russian Commander in Chief to open negotiations with Germany, would open the way to the establishment of German control over the destiny of Russia."

On November 30 the *Times* decided that there was only one course for the Allies to pursue with regard to Russia: "The Allies cannot reach the minds of the army or of the peasants, they cannot convince the minds or arouse the apprehensions of Lenine, of Trotzky, and the other Socialist 'Commissaries' of Petrograd. Reason will not save Russia. There is but one salvation for her, but one way in which she can be saved from herself and from Germany; it is force, and Russian force arising from the body of Russian society, dethroning the Socialist government, which is a greater despot than ever the Czar dared to be, and reasserting the control of the sober, sane, worthy part of the Russian people over their own affairs and their destiny."

The *Times* closed its record on Lenin for the year 1917 with a bang. First, a special article, reprinted from *Asia*, appeared on December 2, written by Dr. Moissaye J. Olgin, who is now a high official in the American Communist Party but who then wrote like the most rabid of patriots. His article was headed, "Bolsheviki's Chief—Record and Theories of Nicolai Lenine—He Mistakes the Creations of His Mind for Realities." A few samples of its learning, vision and logic:

> "Lenine's program . . . is in keeping with his general political conceptions. It follows the line of least resistance. It formulates things that can easily be grasped by an untrained mind. It throws out a bait to attract the mob. At the same time it avoids touching upon the most vital problems. It would seem that Lenine's 'radicalism' only blocks the road of the Russian Revolution by calling forth a reaction and by adding to the disorganization of a country shaken to its foundations. Here, as ever, Lenine's tactics, seemingly extreme, are in reality weakening the strength of democratic Russia. Lenine is a man who sees life only from the angle of his own ideas."

A bit later the *Times* asked that colossal thinker, William English Walling, for an article on Lenin. He replied, in effect, that Lenin was not worth a whole article, and so he sent in a letter. The substance of the letter, printed on December 30, was this:

> "The personalities of Lenine and the other Russian revolutionists have never struck me very strongly. . . . They all seem to me to be entirely theoretical persons, without sufficient intellectual character or grasp of reality to make them personally interesting. I take them all as leaders of factions or sects. Hence I spent my entire time in trying to grasp their theories, as I believed that is all there is to them. In themselves these theories are neither interesting nor important, but they are fanatically believed by large sections of the Russian people. The more ignorant and inexperienced a people the more it is given to intense devotion to shallow metaphysical formulas."

On January 15, 1918, in an editorial entitled, "The Bolsheviki and the Russian People," the *Times* reached perhaps the lowest depths of its misinterpretation of one of the greatest political genius of history. I quote from it:

> "We have learned much about Lenine. He is not a founder, but a destroyer. His writings and his behavior show him to be not a revolutionist in the sense of desiring to supplant a bad governmental system by a better one, but an advocate of perpetual class struggle. . . . He might

(Continued on page 11)

The American Spectator is published by the American Spectator Publishing Corporation on the twenty-fifth day of each month. Unsolicited manuscripts, unless they be accompanied by fully stamped self-addressed envelopes, will not be returned. The contents of this publication are protected by copyright and must not be reprinted in whole or in condensed form without special permission. The price of single copies is 10 cents; annual subscription $1.00; Canadian subscriptions $1.50. Foreign subscriptions $2.00. Editorial and publishing offices, 132 West 31st Street, New York City. Printed in the United States of America. Copyright, 1935, by The American Spectator Publishing Corporation. Entered as second class matter June 1, 1935, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Original entry at New York, N. Y., on Oct. 28, 1932. Vol. III—No. 34.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OF NOTHING AND THE WOLFE

by CLIFTON FADIMAN

THERE they were, two dark wandering atoms.

Uncle Habbakuk, though one of the legendary, far-wandering Gants, and full to the bung of their dark, illimitable madness, was of but average height, being only eight or nine feet high. He lifted his fork from one of his characteristic disgusting, unsavory, and nauseating messes which he had been Wolfeing in the most extraordinary manner. It consisted of old iron filings, chopped twine, oats, and clippings *hachis* from the *Times* classified ads section. With his hard, bony forefinger he prodded Aunt Liz. Ceaselessly he prodded her, hungrily, savagely, with maniacal intensity. But she gave no sign. She was lost (Oh lost! lost! who shall point out the path?) in a dream of time.

"Phuh! Phuh!" howled Uncle Habbakuk, the goat-cry welling up like a madness out of the vine of his throat. "Phuh! Phuh! Ow—ooh! *Beep!*"

In the telling phrase of Baedeker, the situation "offered little that need detain the tourist," but Uncle Habbakuk, with demonic, fore-fingered energy, continued to lift up his idiotic, wordless and exultant howl. It was monstrous, yet somehow lovely, not to say fated, this gaunt confrontation of these two lonely atoms. . . . How strange and full of mystery life is! One passes another in the street, or a face flashes past as the great huge train-projectiles of America hurtle by, in all their thrill and menace, over the old brown earth, and the soul fills with sadness and irrecoverable memories. Why is this? Is it because we are the sons of our fathers and the nieces and nephews of our aunts and uncles?

Who will answer our questions, satisfy our furious impatience, allay our elemental desires, soothe our tormented unrest, and check our heavy baggage? Who?

"*Beep!*" barked Uncle Habbakuk in his coruscating and indefinite way. "What is man that thou—*whah!*—art mindful of him?"

"Whoo-oop," chirped and sniggled Aunt Liz. Sly and enigmatic, she picked up a morsel of bread and hurled it savagely upon the table, with a gesture old as time itself, and secret with the secretiveness of a thousand secretive, lovely and mysterious women, all secret. Then she relapsed into her dream of time. She was entranced in one of her brooding and incalculable states—(O the States, the States of America, O Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas and California; O Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware and Florida; O Georgia, Idaho, Illinois, and Indiana; O Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky and Louisiana; O Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, and Michigan; O Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri and Montana; O Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire and New Jersey; O New Mexico, New York, North Carolina and North Dakota; O Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon and Pennsylvania; O Rhode Island, South Carolina, South Dakota and Tennessee; O Texas, Utah, Vermont and Virginia; O Washington, West Virginia, Wisconsin and Wyoming; and O! O! O! O! the District of Columbia!)

At this very moment, so pregnant and prescient with the huge warp of fate and chance, the dark, terrific weaving of the threads of time and destiny, there was heard one of the loveliest and most haunting of all sounds, a sound to echo in the ears of Americans forever, surging in the adyts of their souls and drumming in the conduits of their blood. The doorbell tinkled.

"A moment's—*beep!*—peace for all of us before we die," snarled, bellowed and croaked gaunt Uncle Habbakuk, prodding himself violently in the midriff with his hard bony forefinger. "Give the goat-cry!"

"Phuh-phuh! Ow-ooh! *Beep!*" came the goat-cry from without, and Aunt Liz opened the door. It was he, the youth, of the tribe of the Gants, eleven feet, eight inches high, with slabsided cheeks, high, white, integrated forehead, long, savage, naked-looking ears, thirty-two teeth, one nose, and that strange, familiar, native alien expression to all the Gants, wandering forever and the earth again. It was the youth but no less was it Jason and Faustus and Antaeus and Kronos and Telemachus and Synopsis and all those shining young heroes who want merely to know everything, who have hungered amid the *gewirr* of life and sought their fathers in the congeries of the compacted habitations of man, hot for the alexin of our cure and amorous of the unknown river and a thousand furious streets.

With a loose and powerful gesture Uncle Habbakuk, in frenzied despair, luminous hope and frantic entreaty, welcomed the youth, snuffling.

"Where have you *been*, youth? Have you touched, tasted, heard *and* seen *everything?* Have you *smelt* everything? Have you come from out the *wilderness*, the buried past, the lost *America?* Are you bringing up Father out of the *River?* Have you done any delicate *diving* for *Greeks?* Tell me, have you embraced *life* and *devoured* it? Tell me! Open the adyts of your soul. Beep."

"Beep," chirped the youth sombrely. "I have been making mad journeys, peril-fraught and passion-laden, on the Hudson River Day Line, eight journeys, watching my lost, million-visaged brothers and sisters. I have been lying (in my upper berth) above good-looking women in the lower berth on a thousand train-wanderings. They were all of them tall and sensual-looking Jewesses, all proud, potent, amber, dark, and enigmatic. I always felt they would not rebuff me if I spoke to them, but yet I did not speak. Later on, however, I wondered about their lives. Yet I have been with a thousand women, their amber thighs spread amorously in bright golden hay. After ten thousand others have I lusted, making a total score of eleven thousand. O hot amorous flesh of sinful women!

"Pent in my dark soul I have sought in many countries my heart's hope and my father's land, the lost but unforgotten half of my own soul. In the fierce, splendid, strange and secret North have I sought; and, on the other hand, in the secret, strange, splendid and fierce South. In the fatal web of the City strangely and bitterly have I savoured the strange and bitter miracle of life; and at N. Y. U. (Downtown Branch) have I wondered darkly at the dark wonder of man's destiny. Amid this phantasmagoric

(Continued on page 14)

THE MEDICAL CLINIC BUSINESS

by M. D.

SAY clinic to any doctor having difficulty collecting and paying his bills—and that means most of us—and watch his blood pressure go up. I'll tell you why. Like dumb and well-drilled soldiers, we report to some booth in some out-patient-department of some private or public hospital, where we try to take care of more patients in two hours than we could conscientiously see in six. And more than we hope to see, in our private practice, in the next two days.

The patients pay for this slipshod care, and they pay enough to cover the costs, with sometimes a comfortable margin of profit for the hospital. The nurses, technicians, orderlies, secretaries, filing-clerks, and scrub-women who help run the clinics all get some sort of a living out of it; as well as the ornamental executives, who get a very good one. But we physicians don't get a cent. We have been taught to sacrifice our time, energy, and private practices for science and humanity. We have been told that:

1. Clinics are philanthropic enterprises run for the benefit of the sick poor. It is therefore the doctor's duty to contribute his services free.

2. The doctor is amply rewarded by the knowledge and experience he gains from solving the same problems a hundred times instead of five.

3. The hospital repays the doctor by extending its facilities to him for the treatment of his private patients—within a year, or two, or three. And subject, of course, to the constant approval of the ranking chiefs.

4. In university hospitals his name goes on the teaching staff, and he enjoys the opportunity of sharing his knowledge with students.

5. Connection with a first-rate hospital classifies him immediately as a competent physician, and is therefore of enormous benefit in building up his private practice.

Some of us still swallow the whole dose, and keep it down. But most of us, who know there is a pound of hooey to each ounce of truth in it, report as usual to our respective clinics because, as a rule, our patients want to go to the largest and best-publicized hospitals. And these hospitals are open only to physicians on their clinic lists of conscript labor.

If clinics were really philanthropic enterprises, and we could give first-rate medical care in them, most of us would be satisfied to do it gratis. But they are profit-making purveyors of cheap medicine able to operate as such only because we physicians are forced to work in them for nothing.

Cheap medicine, like cheap cars, is possible only on a mass-production basis. This means that a sick human being has to be divided into so many parts. Put on the assembly line, he must report one day to the general clinic for a history and examination, another day to special clinics, still another day for X-rays, a third for laboratory work, and so on. Plus repeats and further tests, frequently necessary because the highly mechanized routines make no allowance for personal variations and peculiarities.

(Continued on page 10)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLERICALISM INVADES AMERICAN POLITICS

by FERDINAND LUNDBERG

EVER since Church and State were formally divorced by constitutional stipulation in this country there has been informal coöperation between the two, and from time to time the churches, as in the Civil and World Wars, have openly involved themselves in political affairs. But today we find that Church and State have, in response to historical propulsions, drifted much more closely together than ever before.

The active rôle of all the churches in helping the government during the crucial World War years was the principal preliminary to the existing *rapprochement*. Throughout the war the churches vied with one another in denouncing the Huns. They assigned clergy to the military forces, assisted in Liberty Bond drives, and generally spread war-time propaganda. They also helped technically. General Hugh S. Johnson, who had charge of conscription, in a speech on March 4, 1935, paid eloquent tribute to his ecclesiastical aides. He said: "The good fathers of Georgetown University helped me work out the mechanics of the draft in 1917." Organized religion participated even more concretely than this.

Very large portions of religious endowment funds were patriotically diverted into government bonds, so that today more than $2,000,000,000 of church funds are invested in federal, state and municipal securities. This new financial development has, manifestly, created strong economic links between Church and State, and each has taken pains to be of help to the other.

The churches today take a direct interest in the fiscal policies of the government and the government takes a direct financial interest in the churches. The Reconstruction Finance Corporation has become, without benefit of newspaper publicity, a large holder of church obligations obtained in taking over the assets of defunct banks, with which the church did a large business. It was the economic crisis that intensified the interest of many churches and churchmen in politics. The long train of Detroit banking difficulties in 1931, involving extensive funds of the Catholic Diocese of Detroit, to mention one instance, brought Father Coughlin to national attention as a Savonarola publicly castigating the sinful bankers.

The churches of Detroit as a whole owe the R. F. C. more than the churches of any other district. The Catholic Diocese of Detroit alone owes the R. F. C. $11,000,000 out of $17,000,000 owed by all the Detroit churches. The obligations are mostly short-term 6% notes. In December, 1934, the Detroit churches signed a round robin addressed to the R. F. C. requesting "sympathetic consideration" in the matter of reducing the interest rate from 6 to 3%, and continuing somewhat ominously: "We feel that it is necessary to urge upon you that in these unsettled times the institutions devoted to religious worship and teaching are among the strongest bulwarks of American institutions and the most efficient agencies for social rehabilitation in our country."

The churches also wanted their obligations segregated from the merely commercial assets taken in by the R. F. C., and the maturity dates extended for fifteen years. The petition was signed by officials of the Catholic, Episcopal, Hebrew, Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Congregational, Lutheran, Evangelical and Christian churches.

These interlocking economic ties of Church and State are paralleled by political ties of recent creation. General Johnson boasted over the radio that he had secured the appointment on the Review Board of "Monsignor Ryan—our foremost Catholic economist," and that "Father Haas has served devotedly on the Labor Advisory Board of NRA from the beginning." But General Johnson, in his effort to disabuse Coughlin of any notion he may have had that he was the sole cleric in the national political arena, could have pointed to many other churchmen, mostly Catholics, who were assisting the Roosevelt government in bringing in the More Abundant Life. Perhaps the general refrained from citing the full record out of a desire not to astound his radio audience.

The Roosevelt Labor Front has especially required the services of the clergy, more particularly the Catholic clergy, because of the heavy Celtic, Slavic and Latin populations in the industrial centers who yield magically to the persuasions of priests in labor disputes. Father John P. Boland, of the Buffalo Catholic Diocese, has been chairman of the Buffalo Regional Labor Board. Father William A. Bolger, of Notre Dame University, has been a member of the Chicago Regional Labor Board along with Father J. W. Maguire of the Chicago Archdiocese. Father Frederic Seidenberg, S. J., of Loyola University, Chicago, has been acting chairman of the Detroit Regional Labor Board. The Very Rev. Peter M. H. Wynhoven, of the New Orleans Catholic Diocese, has been chairman of the New Orleans Regional Labor Board, and the Rev. Father Louis Hirshon has been vice chairman of the Cleveland Regional Labor Board and chairman of the Toledo Regional Labor Board. James Myers, industrial secretary of the Federal Council of Churches, has been a member of the New York Regional Labor Board.

Almost all students of the question agree that labor has lost ground steadily under the New Deal. These churchmen, as part of the government apparatus, have, quite obviously, helped throw labor for a loss. They have all, whatever their personal intentions, acted as "window dressings" for boards that were rigged in advance to prevent labor from realizing its aims. Not a few of the churchmen have shown themselves to be extremely reactionary apart from their jobs as labor mediators settling disputes in industries wherein the churches themselves have large investments. The Very Rev. Wynhoven, for example, propagandized against ratification of the Child Labor Amendment by the Louisiana State Legislature. Monsignor Ryan more recently appeared in favor of the proposed Post Office legislation which birth control advocates feel is directed against their cause.

The government ties with the Catholic Church in the field of foreign affairs today are less apparent than on the domestic Labor Front, but they are nevertheless very real. Ever since 1898 the State Department has recognized the political value of coöperation with the Catholic Church in clearing

(Continued on page 14)

"Ave Maria"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MUNITION MAKERS GO HUNTING

(Continued from page 1)

ing places, and encroaching civilization. Anyhow, our wild life was certainly disappearing, and we could account for the phenomenon by any reason we wished, just so we didn't mention hunting.

Thus, in 1911, conservation became a hunters' and gun-makers' project. These cash-killers founded their own "conservation society," they created a propaganda clearing house in the form of an annual game conference, they gained influence in established conservation societies, they placed the "right" men as government advisers in Washington, they hired eminent naturalists to make game surveys, and they worked furiously through lobbies for government appropriations to provide shooting grounds. Today at a Congressional hearing on wild life you'll find hunters, hardware dealers who sell guns and ammunition, and the munition makers themselves—but very few representatives of those immediately concerned, the 122,000,000 Americans who don't hunt and the beasts and birds which belong to them.

The details of this story are seasoned with chicanery and irony. It began in 1911. The Browning patents, generally adopted by then, were supplying hunters with repeating and automatic guns that fired five or six shots in five or six seconds. The hunters eagerly bought these instruments of sport, and soon 85% of them owned weapons that multiplied the odds in their favor five times. Nobody perceived that the sport itself became only one-fifth as exciting.

Hunting seasons were long, bag limits were very large, the sale of game was still legal. And game hogs, or commercial hunters, stood proudly over terrible heaps of bloody bodies to be photographed.

In about fourteen years, many species of wild animals and birds deemed safe by a great nature society in 1897 had been practically wiped out. George O. Shields began a campaign against such mass destruction in his magazine, *Recreation* (1904). The New York Zoölogical Society instructed the indomitable Dr. Hornaday, head of the zoo itself, to issue a bulletin against the automatic guns. People listened with respect to these conservationists. Various Canadian provinces forbade the new guns, and many state legislatures in this country weighed bills for the same purpose.

The gun-makers weren't so bright then as they are now. It took them six years to start their counter-offensive. Dr. Hornaday, the outstanding authority on wild life and a militant conservationist, had managed to establish the Permanent Wild Life Protection Fund, and he was pushing his objectives vigorously with the small income available.

One day he received a letter from H. S. Leonard, vice-president of Winchester Arms, asking for an appointment. At first Hornaday refused, but friends urged him to see Leonard and finally he consented. An account of what happened at this conference we have in Dr. Hornaday's own words. The scientist reports that Mr. Leonard said:

"The manufacturers of fire-arms and ammunition realize that the game is going fast, and they know that when it is gone, their business in the production of sporting firearms and ammunition will be wiped out. As a plain business proposition, the people I represent are disposed to invest a considerable amount of money in the better protection (sic!) of game. I am here to propose that you organize a small body of men to handle a large fund. The gun and cartridge manufacturers are in earnest and they are willing to put up $25,000 per year for five years for game protection. . . ."

"Mr. Leonard," Dr. Hornaday said, "your people would not make that arrangement with me except on one condition. They would never make it *unless I would agree to stop fighting the automatic and pump guns;* now, would they?"

"Well, of course, they would not expect the man who was spending $25,000 a year of their money to go on fighting their product."

The interview ended rather abruptly. Hornaday resented what he considered an attempt to buy him off.

But the death-dealers weren't through. They offered that $25,000 a year for five years to the National Association of Audubon Societies next. Here let us make the distinction. For once, the words "national association" in a title mean something. The State Audubon Societies are so different from the National Association as to be working at cross purposes with it sometimes. The gun-makers' offer to the national president, Dr. T. Gilbert Pearson, stipulated that Dr. Pearson himself was to receive a handsome increase in salary. The munitions boys had learned something. They had learned two things, in fact, for they also ordained that Dr. Hornaday should have nothing to do with the expenditure of the money! It should be added that these stipulations have been denied by the gun-makers, although Hornaday affirms them.

But they didn't keep their spoils long. Dr. Hornaday got busy and publicized this gift, and the New York *Herald* carried an article reporting exactly what had occurred. A roar of protest came from the ranks of Audubon members. Again the directors met—and returned the money to the gun-makers!

This incident had a deep influence on all that followed. Hornaday henceforth bore the tag of "fanatic." And the Audubon Society (National) has marched along with the munitions manufacturers ever since—without the endowment.

Twice defeated in their attempt to capture an established conservation society, the gun-makers fabricated their own. They called it the American Game Protective Association, but have since wisely dropped the "protective." The founders were the American Powder Mills, E. I. du Pont de Nemours Powder Company, Marlin Fire Arms Company, Peters Cartridge Company, Remington Arms-Union Metallic Cartridge Company, Selby Smelting and Lead Company, J. Stevens Arms and Tool Company, United Lead Company, United States Cartridge Company, Western Cartridge Company, and Winchester Repeating Arms Company. Don't those names sound protective?

Such sponsors could have secured a huge membership; but they didn't wish to do so. They explained to a Senate committee:

"Our offices are located here in Washington. Our activities cover all of North America. We have a representative membership extending from coast to coast, with members in a number of foreign countries. We do not maintain a large mass membership, but obtain our mass strength through numerous affiliated state and local associations and clubs. We coöperate with all game officials and organizations interested in wild life."

In other words, they had built a strong lobby in Washington, and from Washington they inspired and directed hunting clubs, wild life organizations, and hardware dealers.

The munitions industry and its "conservation society" could count on the aid of the retailers; in *Field and Stream* (1919, p. 492), a Remington advertisement declared that there are 82,700 dealers who handle Remington products. The most important single group are the hardware dealers, numbering about 25,000. Just three years ago, Mr. S. Norvell, then president of Remington Arms, told a Senate committee that he was, and had been for twenty years, associate editor of *Hardware Age,* and that the gun-makers were striving mightily to make "the hardware trade of the country conservation conscious." Gun-makers, hunting clubs, and death's middle-men had banded together to conserve life!

The zeal of the manufacturers carried them even farther. They organized the American Game Conference. This is a yearly congress of state game commissioners, naturalists, conservationists, and hunters. Its meetings are open to all. But its programs and resolutions aren't. A dutiful committee does masterful editing. The conference every year publishes an elaborate volume of proceedings, full of learned papers on game breeding, predators, game surveys, and so on.

But one topic is taboo: Hunting. To declare that the elimination of automatic guns and the extending of closed seasons would solve 90% of the conservation problem would be blasphemy in this assembly. Everything rolled along nicely until 1929; and the revolt of that year did not really shake the gun-makers out of power. A few years later, when disastrous droughts had imperiled all migratory birds, the Game Conference still voted by a comfortable majority that there should be no closed seasons.

The next step in conservation as practiced by destroyers was to seize the Biological Survey of the Department of Agriculture in Washington. The federal government has supervision of migratory birds, and so vast legislative and executive authority rests in this department. An Advisory Board, appointed in 1911, was to counsel the Secretary of Agriculture on bag limits, shooting seasons, baited waters, live decoys, the use of automatic guns, and related matters. The chairman of this Board for seventeen years, through Republican and Democratic Administrations, was John B. Burnham, president of the American Game Protective Association. Furthermore, Burnham organized the Board! He admitted no "fanatics" as members, whatever their recommendations and their standing as scientists and conservationists. Letters are on record showing that Burnham turned down real conservationists because their appointment to the Board would "in my judgment defeat the end for which it

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was desired." That end, if one is to judge by the resolutions of the Board, is to veto any rule that might damage the business of the gun-makers.

The manufacturers' own organization strengthened its lines in 1929, too. It adopted as official title the Sporting Arms and Ammunitions Manufacturers Institute, and its membership consisted of these companies: Black Products Company, Chamberlain Cartridge and Target Company, E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Company, Federal Cartridge Corporation, Hercules Powder Company, Hunter Arms Company, Ithaca Gun Company, Parker Bros., Peters Cartridge Company, Remington Arms Company, Savage Arms Corporation, United States Cartridge Company, Western Cartridge Company, and Winchester Repeating Arms Company. This group together did a normal year's business of $40,000,000, employed 12,000 persons, and sold about 800,000,000 shells. It has a conservation committee headed by a high executive of Western Cartridge and Winchester Arms, it pays the bills of the American Game Association and the American Game Conference, it hires leading naturalists to make game surveys. It is the spearhead of conservation—of the munitions business!

It is very modest, too, and cringes from publicity. Wire-pulling and lobbying, of course, generally remain underground. Nor does the outside world know much about what becomes of the Institute's annual $100,000. This little bunch of death-dispensers is rather proud of its silent toil, as one of the members naïvely told a Senate committee:

"The plan of the Institute has never been to seek publicity, never to claim any credit. I think probably this is the first time on record that they are claiming any credit, and I am claiming it now for them. This is the first time. You have never seen an article in a paper or magazine about the Arms and Ammunition Institute and the work they were engaged in doing. . . .

"Now, to show you how careful we have been not to claim credit for the Institute, or to claim individual credit, we have bought articles and paid hard cash for them to conservationists, and those articles have been published . . . but no name of any individual manufacturer, nor the name of the Institute, has ever been used in those articles."

In the face of such coy sweetness, it would be mean to point out that propaganda hardly ever bears a label; and that a hungry scientist who sells himself would not likely advertise the sale.

And so all we can do is to admire the ingenious set-up. The gun-makers have organized to protect the hunting business; they have their own "conservation society" and game conference; they dominate hunting clubs and wild life societies, as well as gun retailers, through affiliation and interlocking directorates; they dictate to the Advisory Board of the Department of Agriculture and, through it, to the Biological Survey; and all these groups comprise a most magnificent lobby.

THEY'VE named the new industrial high school in the Bronx after Sam Gompers, whose place in American history as the best cigar-maker who ever sat at the elder Morgan's table will forever be unchallenged.

MENDACITY ON A FACTORY BASIS

(Continued from page 1)

lived, it was no small thing to be regarded as a Jew-lover. Every enemy of the general, every political opponent who was also an anti-Semite, quoted the story, commented upon it at length, and in a hundred and one ways made damaging use of it as evidence that Ludendorf was no real German leader since he was no real anti-Semite. Denials and explanations by friends of Ludendorf were unable to put a stop to the slander on his good name. For years the assault was repeated, eloquent testimony that a lie will not down.

Yet another distinguished German of an opposite political faith from that of Ludendorf was to go through the same experience and to witness the spread of a falsehood about him despite every attempt to set the record straight. In December 1909, Walter Rathenau, a distinguished German industrialist and later a minister of the Republic, wrote an article in which he declared: "In the impersonal democratic field of economics, three hundred men, all of whom know one another, direct the economic destiny of Europe and choose their successors from among themselves." It did not take long before anti-Jewish agitators made use of this quotation as "proof" of the existence of international capitalism and Jewish plans for world domination. A cartographer might have drawn a map of the spread of the distortion throughout Germany. At first it was done with a direct quotation of what Rathenau had said. Later the three hundred men were changed to three hundred Jews; still later to three hundred Jewish bankers; and finally to three hundred Sages of Zion. No repudiation, no challenge to quote the exact text altered the determination of anti-Semites to misinterpret and exploit Rathenau's statement. Indeed, before long, Rathenau himself was regarded as one of those mysterious three hundred. In testimony before the German court, the murderers of Rathenau described him as such.

The World War had already given evidence of the tenacity that a lie possesses. Perhaps the classic story is that of the capture of Antwerp in late 1914 by the German Army. When news of this capture arrived in Germany, the newspapers published a story to the effect that the church bells in Germany were rung to celebrate the event. A Paris newspaper took that story up with a slight alteration that the church bells at Antwerp were being rung on this occasion. The English newspapers in turn reprinted it with their own amendment that the Antwerp priests were forced to do the ringing. Next the story appeared in Italy where it was reported that the Antwerp priests were forced at the point of a gun to ring the church bells and that those who refused were shot. Using these newspapers as a source, the French newspapers reported the episode with a mild addition that those priests who refused were hanged to the clappers as the bells were being tolled. This story was one of thousands deliberately circulated to arouse partisan passions.

War does things like that. In the heat of a life and death struggle, all rules of decency and morality are broken both on and off the battlefields. Every government had its own so-called propaganda bureau whose business it was to deceive its own civilians and to spread falsehoods among the civilians of other countries. All countries were equally guilty in this respect although some were more skillful than others at wholesale deception.

Not the least of the consequences of the World War has been the fact that the technique of corruption by mendacity has lingered on during peace years and has been developed and exploited on a vast factory scale. By a strange coincidence not infrequent in history, Germany, which was for the most part victimized by the superior strategy of lie manufacturing of the Allied Countries, subsequently developed peace-time uses of the lie to their greatest extent. From the very day of the Armistice, if not earlier, contending forces in Germany were grappling with each other in a vital struggle for control. At this point the lie factory came into being on a grander and a more efficient scale than had ever been conceived before. The German military man, always ready to adopt methods and machinery of other countries that would contribute to the perfection of his army, quickly realized the value of a highly efficient propaganda instrument.

Hitler, though born a citizen of the Austrian-Hungarian Empire and having merely the rank of corporal in the German Army at the close of the war, saturated himself to the full with the German Army mentality. He was, as Goering later declared, "more Prussian than a Prussian." Hitler's enormous concern with propaganda was a reflex of the actual Prussian military spirit. In his book, "Mein Kampf," he writes of propaganda again and again. The most pertinent of Hitlerian wisdom, not to be found in the English translation, but appearing in the original (p. 200), reads as follows: "Propaganda must not serve the objective truth, especially not insofar as it might bring out something favorable for the opponent . . . but propaganda must serve uninterruptedly its own purpose."

The direction this propaganda was to take soon became plain. The first problem of the German military clique was to wipe out the memory of their disaster. If the militarist spirit and the society upon which it was constructed were to reëstablish themselves, a scapegoat had to be found for the defeat. As early as 1919, therefore, Major General Count von der Schulenberg suggested that "it will have an excellent effect among our people if we told them that the Jewish war profiteers and draft dodgers have stabbed them in the back." This keynote was soon sounded from a thousand passionate throats, in many hundreds of columns of newspaper space, in innumerable pamphlets, books, signs, speeches, campaign slogans, and all the other paraphernalia of a typically efficient machine for the manufacturing of falsehoods. It did no good to show that Jews had been in the German Army to the same extent as non-Jews; that Professor Fritz Haber had helped maintain German resistance by his inventions; that another Jew, Walter Rathenau, had made heroic efforts to salvage German economy and to organize the German people for their last attempt to avert defeat. The lie persisted none the less.

Under the stimulus of Hitler, a fanatic on

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the need for propaganda activity, the National Socialist Party proceeded to build up the most powerful peace-time machinery in the world. With Joseph Paul Goebbels at its head, a man at once inordinately skillful and utterly unscrupulous, the propaganda factory began pouring out an avalanche of lies against which all the liberal forces in Germany, and for that matter the rest of the world, with their self-imposed restrictions, were completely helpless.

The lie factory, heavily machined and staffed, never slackened. Newspaper organs of this propaganda made their appearance throughout Germany. Handbills and wall posters blazed their message. Street-corner speakers harangued the passers-by. Packed stadiums heard the passionate voices of high-powered orators. Cartoons dripped their insidious influence. Sandwich men endlessly paraded their various messages. Lapel buttons added to the conditioning influences. Songs, marching tunes, and cheers became part of a premeditated manual of incitement. Production went on at top capacity.

The strategy behind this propaganda was based on the realization that it was easier to scream hatred than understanding, and that a disarmed country like Germany could not with impunity libel another country but had to vent its passions upon a defenseless minority within its own borders.

From that point two general plans of action developed. One was a large-scale campaign to villify Jews, to libel them politically as the destroyers of German morale, to stamp them as enemies of the people, and to picture them in other respects as the very devil incarnate. Once that was achieved the second step was to undermine every political opponent by labeling him a Jew. The "stab in the back" legend was made into a cult. Jews were burdened with the responsibility for the Versailles Treaty. Jews were accused of lack of patriotism despite their proven record of participation in the German Army. The pernicious ritual murder libels were revived. Talmudic forgeries were exhumed. The German people were told that General Dawes and Owen D. Young were Jews; in fact, that all those against whom they had or could have any grievance were Jews.

The most effective and wide-spread lie, one which was made the basis for all the subsidiary charges, was the notorious forgery of the "Protocols of Zion." The high priest of National Socialism, Alfred Rosenberg, gave this forgery a distinguished place in his Nazi classic, "The Myth of the Twentieth Century." International syndicates proceeded to scatter the book far and wide. By the simple trick of repeatedly referring to the "Protocols" as genuine, the belief was fostered in millions of German minds that here was a genuine historical document capable of shedding light upon the world's problems.

Reactionary forces in England, France, and other countries of Europe were not slow to learn the power of the lie. To a slighter degree, because the underlying economic forces were in a less critical stage, the propagation of falsehood was carried on throughout the world. As the world's economic crisis deepened, however, this propaganda became more unrestrained and more powerful.

Large scale lying for political and religious motives has emerged in the United States within the last three or four years. The success of European demagogues in achieving political power by dint of their Jew-baiting propaganda has encouraged American counterparts to make similar attempts. An example of native hoaxing on the German style emerged recently with the exposure by Professor Charles A. Beard of the Benjamin Franklin forgery.

On February 3, 1934, William D. Pelley, a journalist aspiring to achieve with the Silver Shirts what Hitler had achieved with his Brown Shirts, published a passage that purported to be an extract from the private diary of Charles Pinckney, a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1787, in which Benjamin Franklin was quoted in an attack upon the Jews that could compete with the vilest outpourings of Hitler or Goebbels. Mr. Pelley's story was that Pinckney's diary had been destroyed in Sherman's march to the sea during the Civil War, but that a copy in the hands of a descendant had yielded the opinion that he quoted. Mr. Pelley was careful not to state in whose possession the copy was at the moment.

Thereafter this latest libel began to follow the usual road of anti-Semitic charges. In August of the same year an anti-Jewish international news service with headquarers in Germany reprinted this alleged quotation giving another source for it. From Germany it traveled to Switzerland where a Nazi organ published the quotation giving the German periodical as its source. From Switzerland the libel traveled to New York where the correspondent of the anti-Semitic *Stuermer* in Nuremberg, Germany, sent it to his paper as another peg on which to hang the villification of the Jew. Late in September the *Jewish Daily Bulletin* reported this article as it appeared in the *Stuermer*, and five days later Robert E. Edmondson of New York, who has been specializing in the distribution of anti-Semitic handbills, sent out this alleged prophecy to his mailing list.

When Professor Beard came across this handbill, he was at once amazed and shocked by the document. He said: "This alleged 'Prophecy' ascribed to Franklin is a crude forgery, and his name should be cleared of the crass prejudices attributed to him. There is in our historical records no evidence whatever of any basis for the falsehood."

As the flood of lies rise whereby Roosevelt the Episcopalian becomes Rosenfeld the Jew; whereby Bernard M. Baruch is converted into Manassas the sawyer; whereby the "Protocols" are fed to the credulous in increasing doses; it becomes increasingly questionable whether the traditional policies of liberalism are adequate for their own self-preservation. The traditions of the liberal bid him cling to the preservation of freedom of speech, of the press, and of assembly. By and large, liberals hold aloft the banner with the inscription, "Give the people light and they will find their own way." At the same time, even the liberals, once they depart from the political scene, know that this slogan is not enough. An instance of this is to be seen in the rallying of liberal influence to the support of legislative measures to regulate advertising, in order to protect the consumer from deception and exploitation. It is common knowledge that in the sale of commodities the best and comparably the least costly item will rarely, if ever, meet with the success that comes to the best advertised item. The application of this truism, however, has not yet been made in the realms of politics.

The same liberals who are solicitous about the consumer of advertised commodities have not, it appears, squarely faced a far greater menace to society—propaganda which ruthlessly disseminates lies that falsify history, fortify bigotry, eternalize prejudice, and, in the last analysis, lay the groundwork for international strife. The defenseless public is being protected, in a measure, from deception by manufacturers of patent medicines, drugs, and foods, by a federal statute and by state laws. As for advertising, some newspapers and magazines exercise a more or less strict censorship, aimed at keeping out of their publications obviously fraudulent advertising. Little or no censorship, however, is applied to billboard and radio advertising. Even the newspapers do not turn away notices which exaggerate or stretch the truth. But attempts are being made by the public itself to close these gaps in the defenses surrounding the consumer. A beginning was made by the consumers' research organizations, which, besides providing a clearing-house for information to consumers, aim also at developing "an art and a science of consumption by use of which ultimate consumers *may defend themselves against the invasions and aggressions of advertising and salesmanship.*"

Can it be denied that it is at least as important for consumers of ideas to defend themselves against the invasions and aggressions of those propagandists who are unprincipled in their methods and ruthless in their perversion of truth? That speech and press should be kept free for the expression of *opinions* and *views* all reasonable persons will agree. Is it in the interests of society, however, to extend such freedom to the *malicious* distortion of facts, a freedom that encourages the perversion and, eventually, subversion of freedom of speech and of press, and hastens the advent of a régime of suppression and reaction?

"So what?" the acquiescing reader may ask. It is not proposed to apply the idea of the pure food and drug laws to propaganda. But why not create some instrument to deter falsehood-mongers with an axe to grind, from plying their nefarious trade? Such an instrument could be the inauguration of a judicial process by which any citizen or group of citizens could call upon the malicious falsifier to prove his allegations or pay a penalty sufficiently severe to deter him from further abuses.

The effective administrations of such a law may be difficult, but its potential social benefits entitle it, or something like it, to a conscientious trial. In addition, since such a device will not relieve society of the duty of vigilance, any more than measures in respect of the branding of foods and drugs have made *caveat emptor* a dead letter, a propaganda research bureau could be established to serve as a clearing house for information to the ultimate consumers of speech and press, to enable them to defend themselves against the invasions and aggressions of merchants of lies and their salesmen.

We see in the papers that Hearst endorses Smith, but we don't see Smith rejecting the endorsement. We remember when Al would have spit in Hearst's eye, but as the years have grown over Al's head his mouth has tightened and his aim become very uncertain.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TWO CENTS FOR FIORELLO LA GUARDIA

(Continued from page 1)

for I'm sure I don't know—but, then, I'm not a liberal.

The liberals who hollered rape after going to bed with Wilson, Al Smith, and Roosevelt, submitted cheerfully to La Guardia in 1933—and their present bleats of seduction and betrayal don't mean a damn thing. Had they really considered La Guardia's past record, they might have acted otherwise, but since they are going to fling themselves under the feet of the next La Guardia or Roosevelt to come along, we can't very well pretend any further interest in their feelings. At that, even when they knew his past, they persisted in believing that he was stalling for time.

I remember talking to an allegedly brilliant lawyer about the city's milk problem. By then the other liberal lawyers were already in their "Little Flower" stage. This counsellor stuck to "Fiorello." I pointed out to him how his Fiorello had sabotaged a plan whereby, with the aid and backing of the AAA, the City of New York could distribute and sell milk to its needy citizens for something like four cents a quart—as against the thirteen cents charged by the milk monopoly. I told him that La Guardia, single-handed, had thereby delivered the control of the city milk situation into the hands of the monopoly. The lawyer merely shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

"Fiorello," he said, "is just making it all the easier for the people to take over the whole works from the big companies."

I asked how La Guardia, who rants about a yardstick power plant against the power *trust, could justify his* wrecking of this yardstick to curb the milk trust.

The lawyer smiled and rolled his eyes in the direction of the ceiling. . . . That was the only answer he had, and he was one of the men who took part in the discussions of the milk yardstick plan.

What was La Guardia before becoming mayor? Then, as now, he was first and foremost a shrewd and calculating politician, with no genuine feelings for anything but his own sweet self and the present order. While it is true that he is still a dues paying member of Local 83 of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, a Socialist union, it is equally true that at the time of his nomination he was the counsel for the Textile Refinishers Association, with offices at 1450 Broadway. These are the people who have been bending heaven and earth to wreck the labor movement in Paterson, and Lodi, and the silk industry generally.

During the war, when jingoism was the rage, La Guardia outjingoed the jingos. He joined the air force, became a major, and profited by the glorious publicity. After the war, when the reaction against the Mitchell Palmer hysteria had set in, La Guardia managed the admirable feat of running on an Independent Republican ticket, making militantly googoo eyes at labor and the liberals and doing all this without committing himself to anything more militant than the policies of James J. Davis, then Secretary of Labor. He campaigned in a working-class district, and went to Congress as a "secret Socialist" in the eyes of more than one person who voted for him.

He never called himself a Socialist—no. But he did get the neat and juicy plum of chief attorneyship for a Socialist garment workers' union. Posts of this type are usually saved for orthodox Socialist wheelhorses like Louis Waldman and Charles Solomon. Right wing Socialism did well by its prominent "secret Socialist,"—but he did some queer things in Congress. When, on the floor of the House, another Congressman accused La Guardia of being a real Socialist, the Little Flower bellowed a challenge to the *Record* that any man who said *that* about him would have to step into the cloak room for mortal combat.

It is true that Congressman La Guardia made many kosher sounding noises under the noses of Coolidge and Hoover. He sponsored and advocated "liberal" legislation. But ask the employés of the United States Steel Corporation or the General Motors Corporation about the benefits such legislation has brought them—and then duck for your life.

When the National Hunger March invaded Washington in December, 1932, Congressman La Guardia put on his big black hat and strutted up and down before the news cameras clicking along that solid mile of mass misery on New York Avenue. He muttered sweet and holy nothings to the curious reporters, and when the pictures and the sweet and holy nothings were run in the papers, La Guardia was played up as a Congressman with dangerously militant sympathies for the unemployed. (When he was installed as mayor, two years later, an unemployed delegation led by James Gaynor, an unemployed engineer who had voted Fusion in 1933, visited him at City Hall. When Mr. Gaynor started to speak, the Little Flower went into a righteous tantrum. He called the leader of the delegation a trouble stirring "yellow dog," and threatened the delegation with everything from the militia to an earthquake.)

Like all prime demagogues in the crisis, La Guardia also indulged in his due of pre-election banker baiting. While angling for the Fusion nomination he spoke to a WOR radio audience on May 1, 1933. Among other things, he said: "The advice of bankers should not be heeded. They have not only been exposed of their wretched conduct and selfishness and disregard of public interest, but their incompetency as well. They are discredited and are now cringing, seeking to perpetuate a cruel system of exploitation. . . . We can never emerge from the present financial depression by maintaining high interest rates, continuing to give all of the profits and all of the fruits of labor and toil to the money lenders."

It was on the basis of such phoney gestures in the directions of the disinherited, plus the usual mealy-mouthed viewing with alarm of Tammany rule flung out by any Republican candidate, that La Guardia loomed as the ideal candidate for the upper-class anti-Tammany elements before the election.

During his campaign he promised to end the ballyhoo and the hippodromes traditional to his office. But after he got into office he never even attempted to remember this promise. Hardly a day goes by without the mayor going through more screwy stunts to get his pictures in the papers than any movie press agent could ever devise.

La Guardia has made more noise than any mayor of New York, not excepting Jimmy Walker. He set out to create the impression—and the press has aided him—that he is busy day and night "getting things done." Neither he nor the press ever gets around to listing many of these good deeds. He has actually accomplished very little.

He inherited a bankers' agreement from Tammany Hall. This agreement, attacked by the Little Flower during the campaign, set aside $179,000,000 of the city budget for the debt service. This sum amounted to $500,000 a day, or 30% of the city budget. For a man who uttered the above quoted indictment of the bankers, there was only one thing to do upon becoming mayor, and that was to adopt a radical attitude towards the debt service. This would have meant the declaration of a one year moratorium on the bankers' pound of flesh. Once the largest city in the country defaulted, almost every other city in the country would have followed suit. Out of the ensuing stalemate, the bankers of the nation would have been left with only one choice—accepting an interest tribute of no more than 2% and liking it.

But the "secret Socialist" gentry of the National City Bank crowd knew what they were doing when they backed La Guardia. They knew he would do just what he did do—protect the bankers' agreement at the expense of every other element in the city.

Before the election La Guardia and his running mates addressed very flowing letters to the civil service workers. I have copies of these letters in my files. They promised restoration of salaries to the 1932 levels, and promised it in no uncertain terms.

Once elected, La Guardia, the bankers' agreement in mind, instituted an "economy wave," which is to say, a wave of civil service wage cuts, of payless furloughs, and of discontinuance of essential social services. Together with that other "secret Socialist," Governor Lehman, he pushed through an Economy Bill which empowered him to institute still further "economies" in the interests of protecting the "discredited" and "cringing" bankers.

But this was not enough. After all, non-civil service workers had to pay tribute to the bankers, too. So La Guardia pushed through a 2% sales tax "for the relief of unemployment." When, in January of this year, La Guardia stepped up to the microphones to sum up his first year in office, he was able to crow: "New York City now has a commanding position in municipal credit." Which should make us very happy, indeed.

La Guardia boasted that he would wipe out the Tammany swivel chair brigade on the city payroll. He did, and replaced them by a Fusion, Republican, milk-monopoly crew. He promised to wipe out useless jobs. He did. He also created new useless posts—particularly in the Health Department. In this department, a scientific plumbing specialist holds a $7250 job as director of a Food Bureau; a batch of Borden Milk Company-Millbank Foundation (Millbank is President of Borden's) people have been installed in high office, over protest; and the services of the department have been turned over to the propaganda bureaus of the milk monopoly,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Metropolitan and the John Hancock Life Insurance Companies.

Typical of La Guardia's political appointments is Fred Kracke, commissioner of plants and structures in Brooklyn. Kracke, an old line Republican boss, has thus been put in control over the petty patronage which makes ward politics. Maurice Davidson, for his rôle in the campaign, is now commissioner of water supply, gas and electricity. I would like to know what his qualifications, other than political, were for his present job.

The stench of La Guardia's labor record in office is too well known for me to attempt any detailed analysis. Lest we forget, however, let us review some of his shenanigans.

Frank Farley was a reporter for the *Daily Mirror*. What he wrote about La Guardia made the Little Flower so mad that Farley is now out of a job. The *Sun's* City Hall reporter nearly suffered a like fate. The city editors in town also know how La Guardia stands on labor. On Tuesday, May 29, 1934, he called a conference of city editors and publishers, and told them that there was "danger of a revolution beginning in New York." He said that the police had about lost patience with the unemployed who were demonstrating for adequate relief, and warned that the cops might shoot into a demonstration and kill some people. Therefore, would the good editors and the good publishers coöperate with the Administration in the event of such incidents? In other words, would the press defend cold blooded murder? By a stroke of good fortune, the details of this conference leaked out to the *Daily Worker*, which reported the conference a few days later. In the midst of heated denials, *Editor & Publisher* ran the story.

When the elevator operators went out on a general strike last November, the mayor took the time-honored position of an official strike-breaker. "The public" he said, "must be protected."

Much has been said, particularly by ex-Police Commissioner O'Ryan, about the mayor's "pro-strike" stand in the taxi strike. It is recalled that more than one cop received a good beating, and had his gun dropped down the nearest sewer, by the enraged cab strikers. La Guardia, according to O'Ryan, countenanced such action. La Guardia did nothing of the sort. As a realist and a member of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers union, he knew that a cabbie on strike was not a pants-presser on a picket line. Most of the strikes in this town are garment strikes. The average cop is more than a match for the usual needle-worker. To a cab driver, however, the long awaited opportunity to bust a cop on the nose was something he was prepared to grab with his last breath. La Guardia knew better ways of breaking a cab strike. He called in Jacob Panken, and together they accomplished in a week what it would have taken the police a year to do. The trick was known as "arbitration." Since the strike La Guardia's police department has revoked the hack licenses of the militant strike leaders.

As this is written, La Guardia and General Johnson are scooting about the city and hollering to the unemployed that they must either take WPA jobs at below-starvation levels or starve. If family men refuse these jobs, then it means being cut off home relief and being sent to jail for non-support.

Everybody in Washington knows that Johnson was removed from his NRA post because even the A. F. of L. began to object to his strike-breaking tactics. La Guardia knew this. He also knew very well how Johnson feels about labor. And he knew this when he personally appealed to Washington that Hugh S. Johnson be appointed WPA chief in New York.

La Guardia is playing a hard and fast game. He rushes, bustles, blusters about like a man possessed. In the presence of newspaper men, his mouth seldom stays shut. He comments on everything he feels will be quoted in the papers. A word or two about this last habit. His verbal shafts at Hitler are well known. They make good Fusion bait for the large Jewish vote of New York, which in normal times is almost solidly Tammany. But the loud mouth of the mayor has been conspicuously silent on the subjects of Father Coughlin and the late Huey Long, generally recognized as standard bearers of American Fascism. Here his silence is just as severe as the silence of Father Coughlin on the persecution of the Catholics by the Nazis—and both silences arouse similar suspicions on the part of realistic observers. To be sure, La Guardia did turn down the leadership of the Khaki Shirts when it was offered him by Art Smith in 1932—but no one has ever accused Master Politician La Guardia of being a god-damned fool.

THE MEDICAL CLINIC BUSINESS

(Continued from page 4)

This process delays diagnosis and treatment, takes more time and money from the patient, and by reducing him to a collection of organs each functioning in a separate department, makes it extremely difficult, if not impossible, in the short time allotted, to get a complete medical picture.

As philanthropic enterprises, clinics expect appreciation and support from both doctors and patients; but extend no right to share their control. Doctors may make suggestions—trustees make the decisions. But, though presumably run for the benefit of the patients, the clinic management does not consult them nor consider their wants and conveniences primary. As "charity cases" they are no better than guinea pigs for medical students. Nevertheless, they are charged all the traffic will bear, cross-examined to prove they should really pay more, and as often as possible transferred to still more overcrowded and more inefficient city hospitals if they claim destitution.

Every doctor has been angered and embarrassed by the irresponsible medicine imposed upon him by his clinic, and knows of many cases like these:

Mrs. Jones, with a severe asthma, went to a large general clinic in New York City for relief. She was examined by a medical student who optimistically found nothing wrong with her chest and relayed her to the Nose and Throat department. The earliest appointment available was one week later. Nose and Throat examined her only from the neck up and decided it must be the sinuses, which made an X-ray desirable. The earliest appointment available was five days later, "the sinus day." She then had to return to the medical department for her follow-up visit. The instructor (two months in arrears on his rent) found a music-box chest—and wanted an immediate X-ray. The earliest available appointment was one week later. Mrs. Jones, in pain as usual, reported four days later to Nose and Throat for her follow-up there. The sinus X-rays were negative but a hypertrophied turbinate called for an operation. (The cost will be $50 plus $20 for hospital expenses, on the strength of her brother-in-law's $25.00 a week. Her husband is unemployed. She'll think it over.) She reports back to the medical clinic for another follow-up. Her chest plates must be repeated, will she please return for retakes. The earliest appointment available is next week. Her bill to date is $17.50, $1.50 per visit and $5.00 for each X-ray. Each time she has waited one or two hours; she has been coming for three weeks and she is still in pain. The repeat chest X-ray shows conclusively that she has asthma. The doctors tell her so, and refer her to the asthma clinic. This was six months ago. She now reports regularly once a week for blood, skin and other tests and follow-ups, and she hopes to borrow money from her brother-in-law for that sinus operation.

Miss Blank, aged 16, has a rash. At the third visit the rash is diagnosed to her mother as syphilis and immediate treatment is urged. Her mother doubts the diagnosis. At her insistence the tests are checked and rechecked and are found negative. She is referred to Dermatology.

Jack Robinson has a rare disease. He drinks and expels gallons of water every day. He is the pride of the clinic. He pays it $10 a week out of a salary of $15, for his rare medicine. His treatment takes so much time that he loses his job. No one in his family can give him $10 a week and Social Service is sorry—but the budget does not provide for such cases.

These stories give a cross section of poor man's medicine. It exists as a kind of crutch to sustain the system of expensive rich man's medicine, which imposes high overhead and small volume on the average private practitioner and at the same time exploits him in "philanthropy" to justify the existence of that system. The wealthy patient able to pay for all the advances and facilities developed by the clinic, benefits; as well as his wealthy physician, who as a rule has all the hospital facilities at his disposal without bartering his time for them. The burden is carried by the patient who cannot afford to go to a private office, and by the doctor who cannot afford to run it.

WE didn't notice a single editorial on the passing of Henri Barbusse, though the death of Little Queen Nobody of Belgium had the vassals wringing their hands in editorial grief. We have had an uneasy suspicion right along that the Messrs. Sulzberger, Reid, Hearst, Patterson, Howard and Dewart were not exactly admirers of pacifists, and particularly of pacifists who happened to be Communists as well, but we didn't believe they would let it interfere with the recognition of a distinguished man of letters. Which only shows how wrong we can be.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"ALL THE NEWS PRINTED TO FIT"

(Continued from page 3)

trouble the peace of Russia for years, but he never can bring into subjection that great, intelligent, industrious, sober-minded, conservative middle class which, in every country, is the foundation of the prosperity, the security, and the happiness of the people. A man who in belief and practice is an enemy of society, even though he be the head of a 'Government,' cannot expect civilized nations of the world to extend the right hand of fellowship."

Later that year, in September, the *Times* ran a series of seven articles, made up of alleged German-Bolshevist documents, gathered by George Creel's celebrated Committee for Public Information, and supposedly proving for the hundredth time that Lenin was a paid German agent. The documents, it need hardly be said, were a tissue of lies, but the *Times*, that paragon of American journalism, apparently believed every word of them. It ran an editorial on September 16 on the material entitled, "The Bolsheviki Exposed." Some excerpts:

"Nowhere does it appear that any German officer ever commanded Lenine or Trotzky to press his trousers for him; but the correspondence as a whole proves that if any such order had been given they would have regarded it as comprehended within the terms on which they entered the German service. And for what did they betray Russia, their nominal country; the socialistic creed they pretended to believe in, and the working class in whose interests they pretended to be laboring? For money; money paid them at the outset, paid to them since they overthrew Kerensky, and paid to them still through the German Imperial Bank."

The editorial ended with this indictment: "They have ruled [Russia] as German valets and are despicable."

October 5, 1918, Lenin became "Robespierre Incarnated." "He has lost control of the Reign of Terror," said the *Times* editorial of that date, and "it would be well for him to think of what happened to Robespierre when he placed himself in opposition to the gang he had unleashed."

With the signing of the Armistice in November and the ending of the war, the *Times* took a different attitude towards Lenin. He no longer had to be calumniated as a German agent. The paper began to try to understand what kept him in power, and what this thing called Bolshevism was all about. It never succeeded in doing either. In 1919 it still thought that, "Bolshevism is not socialism. It contemplates the government of the people by a few for a few." In 1920 it gave up the quest and for a while satisfied itself with mere sneering. At one time it referred to "Nikolai Lenin, only authorized interpreter of the Marxian Koran, prophet and caliph of Bolshevism and sole judge of orthodoxy."

But in 1921 it was on Lenin's trail again, and the New Economic Policy (the famous NEP) gave the *Times* its opening. Through it, the paper said, Lenin gave up his ideas and surrendered communism. In reality, of course, as everybody knows now, the NEP was political genius of the highest order. It ended the period of "war communism," it staved off counter-revolution, it gave the Bolsheviks a breathing spell, and it laid the groundwork for the Five-Year Plans. But the *Times*, with its usual profound stupidity, thought differently. In January, 1921, it saw hidden meanings in Lenin's statement that Russia must open up foreign trade. "In other words," runs a January 7 editorial entitled, "Remarks from Mr. Lenin," "having stripped Russia bare, being unable by communist enterprise to produce anything that Russia needs, let us open up trade with capitalist states, drain them of the goods we need, and count on the coming revolution to make them all Bolshevist." On March 30 the *Times* again tried to interpret the NEP and again failed:

"Lenin cannot get what he wants, so he will pretend to want what he can get, always with the hope that after a little while the credulous peasant and the foreigner eager for trade will have set the Soviet government a little more solidly on its feet, after which it can turn back to the business of revolution. But in the meantime all this is being represented abroad as a complete economic conversion. Bolshevism has been abandoned and Lenin has turned capitalist."

On January 12, 1922, the *Times* tried to tell Lenin why he should go to the International Genoa Economic Conference, as he was planning to do. "The best of reasons, perhaps, is that at Genoa he would hear many things which nobody dares to tell him at home, and so he might acquire some accurate and much needed information on which to exercise the intelligence credited to him by his admirers." The next day, an editorial appeared commenting on the two topics of the Genoa Conference and the agitation in America for recognition of the Soviets. It said, with typical bizarre inaccuracy, that "No amount of palaver about recognizing past debts and abstaining from propaganda can hide the fact that in recognizing the Soviet government we are opening relations with savages and cutthroats."

On November 16, 1922, the *Times* commented editorially on Lenin's speech before the Fourth World Congress of the Communist International, under the heading, "A Self-Reversing Dictator," announcing to the world that "Lenin is essentially a military autocrat. He has to give an account to nobody. He does not have to look out for his reëlection. Evidently he does not have to be consistent with himself." Finally, on November 23, it discovered what brought on the NEP. The whole business was a nefarious Tammany plot. "What was gained was the jobs. Gentlemen who once set up socialism as a holy ikon got control of the government. The time came when they had to give up communism or the jobs, and they held on to the jobs and let communism slide."

In January, 1923, Lenin became gravely ill, and was very near death. Throughout that year he lingered on but could do little work. On January 26 the *Times* ran a contemptuous editorial on the fact that Lenin was getting the best of medical services, while the Russian people were in dire misery, but at last it had something good to say about its pet barbarian:

"Many charges against Lenin are true, and unquestionably he has brought hardship and death on millions of Russians, but he has never been accused of rapacity—of exploiting his powers for his own financial advantage. [Except by the New York *Times* in the balmy days of 1917 and 1918.] According to all accounts he lives with the utmost simplicity, and, though obviously he has not starved, as have so many victims of his theories, that hardly is enough to prove him insincere."

It took the New York *Times* six years to say something about Lenin that was true, and then it said something unimportant.

On March 23, 1923, it ran an editorial entitled, "Commissar Jekyll and Comrade Hyde" in which Secretary of State Hughes was warned not to trust Lenin, and to recognize the difference between Lenin the Commissar and Lenin the Communist. This sophomorism was followed by the charge that Lenin had given up the world revolution. "When Lenin, at least, talks about the hopeful prospects of world revolution one suspects that he is like some clergymen who maintain doctrines in the pulpit which they would prefer to ignore at home. The Communist Last Judgment recedes further and further into the future."

As the years went by, the *Times* grew chary of besmirching Lenin's greatness. Latterly, the editors have come to use him as a yardstick by which to judge his successors in the Soviet state. In this way, they do not add to their toll of lies about him and they are enabled, by odious comparisons, to put the present Russian leaders in what they think is a bad light. On March 27, 1934, there appeared in "Topics of the Times" a paragraph entitled, "Joke is on Lenin." It contained the following: "Our dispatches from Russia have noted with the passing years the pictures of Lenin on ceremonial display grow fewer and smaller and the pictures of Stalin bigger and more common. A great many people today believe that it was the Bolshevists who overthrew the Czar, forgetting the democratic revolution and Kerensky. So there are no doubt more and more people every day who find themselves thinking that Stalin put Kerensky out of business, forgetting Lenin."

All of which only goes to prove that the logic of "impartial" ignorance can sometimes lead to a cessation of arrant falsehood, but never to "all the news that's fit to print."

PRAYER ON A SLEEPLESS NIGHT OF AN IDEALIST DESIROUS OF FORFEITING GRACE

by GEORGE WELTNER

My God, my lean unrest,
Fever of my search, destroyer of the sought,
Conjurer of goals remote from thought,
Contemner of the mere mortal best—
Pray, try the rigor of our pact,
Tempt me with some low-born, heavy-plodding fact,
And suffer me to yield—unblessed.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR

Published by

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR PUBLISHING CORP.
132 West 31st Street
New York City

C. H. FINGERHOOD, *President*

CHARLES ANGOFF, *Editor*

Vol. III No. 34

The Un-Americanism of Mr. Roosevelt

WE were all taught in school that the United States government is divided into three branches: executive, legislative, and judicial. So the federal Constitution says, but in reality it has not been so since Grover Cleveland broke the Pullman strike. The day he sent federal troops into Illinois he added a fourth branch to the national set-up, namely, strike-breaking. It has remained for President Roosevelt to perfect it and to make it a part of the unwritten law of the land. Aided and abetted by Secretary Perkins he broke the strike of the Detroit automobile workers last year by the simple device of promising them everything and giving them nothing, and only two months ago he came to the assistance of General Johnson in breaking the WPA strike.

The basic theory of all these three strike-breakers is that no one can strike against the government, which reminds one of the labor theory of Mussolini. If the federal government, by means of loans and subsidies to major industries and of direct outlays in the form of relief project funds, continues to gain dominance in the country's business life, it will achieve the status of the nation's biggest employer. And if the Roosevelt labor theory is not challenged, the power to strike will eventually be taken away from labor, and once that is gone, the American workers will have lost most of the progress they have made in their struggle for decent conditions and the American standard of living during the past fifty years.

The right to strike is the inalienable right of workers at all times and under all forms of government. It is their chief weapon of defence and of offence. Without it they are mendicants at the table of their political and economic overlords. All thinkers, save those in the pay of totalitarian states, recognize this. In the United States this right has been incorporated into law, both by statute and by innumerable decisions of the courts, from the Supreme Court down. It has been "approved" directly and by implication in the platforms of the Democratic and Republican Parties since 1896, and all Presidents of the United States in the past forty years have given it lip-service.

This lip-service continues, but there has arisen a new and vicious form of bogus patriotism claiming that the inalienable right to strike stops with employés of the government. Nothing could be in more violent contradiction to all that American democracy stands for. The right to criticize the government as executive, legislator, and judge is admitted by everyone. The same right to criticize the government as employer should also be admitted by everyone. The principle involved is the same. Criticism in that department means not merely the right to protest verbally and in writing, but also the right to strike, which is labor's only effective form of criticism.

The government as employer is no more sacrosanct than the government as anything else. There is really nothing sacrosanct whatever about the government. As the elected instrument of the people, it must forever remain subservient to it. What is against the interests of the people in any capacity cannot be favored by its servant, the government. This is not revolutionary doctrine. It is Americanism at its purest and simplest. It forms the very basis of the federal Constitution. All power, all rights, and all privileges reside in the people. They can do with the government as they wish. If they have a right to overthrow it when it violates their welfare, as Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln have said, then they surely have a right to strike against it. The recent WPA strike was thus, despite what President Roosevelt and General Johnson said, in the strictest conformance with 100% Americanism. It was President Roosevelt and General Johnson who were acting in an un-American, undemocratic way, and not the WPA strikers.

The shocking thing about the Roosevelt theory that no one can strike against the government is that the American Federation of Labor has, at least by implication, accepted it. President William Green has not said a word against it, and neither has Matthew Woll, nor John L. Lewis, nor Joseph P. Ryan, nor any of the other high officers. Mr. Ryan, in fact, as much as approved it when he said about the forthcoming Great Lakes longshoremen's strike: "I'm afraid it's going to come, although we don't want it. We don't want to hamper the government."

It is inconceivable that the American people will take the Roosevelt theory of the strike as complacently as this, once it is explained to them in full. It should be explained to them from the rostrum of the coming convention of the American Federation of Labor in Atlantic City. Here is an issue upon which all factions in the Federation should agree, and they should come out vigorously against the un-American Roosevelt doctrine. No greater issue confronts the country. The manner in which American organized labor faces it will determine to a very large extent not only its future course but whether or not it is to continue living.

WE'D like to know how much the Red Cross did for the hurricane victims, and when we say "how much" we don't mean the number of field-secretaries or staff-physicians it sent to Florida, but the material things that can be computed in dollars. If Dr. Grayson, the Red Cross chief, will furnish us with the information (in affidavit form, of course) we'll furnish it to our readers.

WE haven't been able to work up much heat over what we've read about Aberhart's Social Credit Plan up in Alberta, in spite of such lovely terms as "cultural heritage," "basic dividends," "velocity of circulation," and so on *ad infinauseum*. Somehow we can't help reading for Alberta "Louisiana" and for Aberhart "Huey" ("*Selig*",) and then our back begins to itch and we have to stop and scratch it.

ODDLY, whenever we see anything in the papers about De Valera we skip it, though it must be said in fairness that he should be credited with one extraordinary accomplishment: he has waged the only revolution in history that revolutionists don't give two damns about.

"Say, why the hell don't you let me go to bed?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS

by Charles Angoff

Heywood Broun

IT SEEMS TO ME, 1925-1935, by Heywood Broun. $2.50. Harcourt, Brace & Company: New York.

THE 106 pieces here were culled from Mr. Broun's writings in the old *World*, the *Nation*, the *Telegram*, and the *World-Telegram*. The selecting was largely done by Alexander Crosby. He might have included more of Mr. Broun's recent writings on the New Deal, but on the whole the present volume represents the cream of Mr. Broun's writing during the past ten years.

The depression has been very cruel to many of the writing folk who were in the public eye in the middle twenties. It has made them seem irrelevant. Cabell, Hergesheimer, Cather—their very names now sound almost mythological. The depression has been even harder upon the daily columnists. The collapse of F. P. A.'s column is a dramatic case in point. In 1925 his banalities and cheap turns of phrase were the chief stock-in-trade of all the bad writers and all the brazen young women. Today he is a mere legend, like Irvin S. Cobb.

But Broun is different. He is now more widely read than ever before. The reason for this is very simple. He has kept up with the changing world, and during the past two years, when he has been so active in the American Newspaper Guild, he has helped change it within his own sphere of influence. His knowledge of public affairs and of literature is frequently embarrassing, but he has an almost unfailing instinct for the right side of major social issues and personalities, and when his moral sense is moved powerfully he can write in the manner of a revolutionary pamphleteer.

His piece on Sacco and Vanzetti, published in the *World* for August 5, 1927, will long remain memorable for the magnificence of its sheer sense of social wrong. "We are the dead, and in us there is not feeling nor imagination nor the terrible torment of lust for justice. . . . Popular government, as far as the eye can see, is always going to be administered by the Thayers and Fullers. . . . A cry should go up from many million voices. . . . We have a right to beat against tight minds with our fists and shout a word into the ears of the old men. We want to know, we will know—'Why?' "

The history of American journalism has very little to show as stirring as this. Neither has it much to show as full of sound feeling as Broun's obituary on Eugene V. Debs, or his defense of the underpaid scrubwomen at Harvard with its accompanying denunciation of former President Lowell, or his onslaught upon the strikebreaker as "an anti-social member of the community," or his superb plea for greater sense in our dealings with agitators, or his beautiful sneer at Bishop Manning, the uptown St. Paul in a silk hat. He is at his best when confronting a simple case of flagrant social injustice, which is to say, when his moral sense is outraged.

He seldom understands the deeper political and economic implications of affairs, and as a result he generally goes far astray in his comments upon temporarily belligerent liberals. He was thus an easy mark for Franklin Delano Roosevelt and Justice Holmes and Brandeis. He has changed his mind recently about all three, but his change of mind is no guarantee that he will not fall for their kind in the future. At bottom Broun is little more than an amateur radical. His heart is big and sound, but his head is full of echo-wisdom.

His excursions into the fields of literature and the whimsical essay often make sad reading. He thinks that William Bolitho was "the most brilliant journalist of our time," whereas he was no more than a miasma of verbose unintelligibility. Bellamy was "America's most authentic prophet," a characterization which either means nothing or is obviously absurd. Of Rudyard Kipling, Broun has said: "Of all living authors his chances of survival is the best."

Daily columning is a very difficult job, and one must forgive a lot of coasting, but some banalities are inexcusable at all times. After all, it is not quite news that "marriage must always remain among the extra hazardous risks," that "the true business of education is to . . . let reality flourish in light and air," that "eggs are not a simple dish," and that "neither ice nor fires nor floods have checked the succession of human kind." And the remark that "the crane is mightier than the Crain [the Tammany district attorney] and much more stalwart" is a rank sophomorism.

But despite all his defects in learning, insight, and English prose style Broun's influence has been mainly for the good. In intellectual grasp he is but a few steps superior to his readers, which explains his hold on them. He speaks their language. He can't tell them much as to how the world is run, but he can tell them a great deal as to how they should feel about the major frauds who manage public affairs and especially about the outstanding victims of the perennial crime of plutocratic government. This is a very great power in a democracy whose electorate is notoriously swayed more by emotion than by theory, and whose journalistic theorists have nothing better to show than the burps of Walter Lippmann.

The Dream of a Free Press

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS, by George Seldes. $2.75. The Bobbs-Merrill Company: New York.

THIS is easily Mr. Seldes's most satisfactory book since his "You Can't Print That." He knows what he is writing about, and there is a healthy passion in his manner of presentation, which is more than could be said for his previous two books on the Vatican and on the munitions industry. His conclusion is that though "we have had a very few liberal, fearless newspapers, we have never had a free press." In support of this he offers a mass of evidence from his own vast and varied journalistic experience.

His chapters on the flagrant suppression of the news by advertisers is excellent, as is his detailed examination of what the food and drug people did to the Tugwell Bill. The same can be said about his chapter on "The Utilities Corrupt Press and Public," as well as about his chapters on "The Poisoned Springs of World News" and "Free Press Vs. Free Labor." Finally, there are his devastating analyses of the Associated Press, the New York *Times*, and William Randolph Hearst.

Mr. Seldes, unfortunately, is not a first-rate writer, and so his volume suffers from some very jerky English and a considerable haziness of fundamental journalistic philosophy. Moreover, he is not always as critical as he should be of prominent newspaper men and newspapers. He should know that the *Christian Science Monitor* and the *Jewish Daily Forward* are rapidly sinking to the level of the Hearst press, and that the Scripps-Howard papers are more opportunistic than liberal and more whimsical than vigorous.

All this merely means that Mr. Seldes is not a philosopher, which he probably does not pretend to be. He is, on the whole, a good reporter with an intense interest in the ethics of his profession. He has gathered a large amount of useful information, much of it fresh, in his present book, and it deserves a wide reading. It is published at an ideal time, for probably never before in American history have the people been so distrustful of their press. If his book helps to confirm their distrust, it will have performed a good service.

William Allen White recently said that American journalism used to be "a noble calling; now it is an 8% investment and an industry." No one can deny the accuracy of this remark, except for the first clause. American journalism was never a noble calling; it was always a big business. The past differed from the present only in its greater number of able and courageous editors and reporters. But even the great Dana of the *Sun* did not always live up to the letter and spirit of his excellent principle: "What the good Lord lets happen I am not ashamed to print in my paper."

More Blah for the Poor Student

A STUDY OF THE SHORT STORY, by Henry Seidel Canby & Alfred Dashiell. $2. Henry Holt & Company: New York.

THIS book was first issued in 1913 and is now published in revised form. Some new contemporary pieces have been added to the section of "Illustrative Short Stories." The authors have also brought the history of the short story up to date. The anthological part of the book will be useful to students, but the historico-critical part leaves much to be desired. I doubt whether intelligent critics will agree that "the most influential and, in many respects, the greatest of nineteenth century writers of the short story has been Rudyard Kipling." I doubt whether there is any truth whatever in the distinctions that Dreiser is objective while Anderson is subjective, and that "where Dreiser shows only a vast pity for humanity, Anderson reveals hope for the creation of a better life." And of what help is it to the student to tell him that a short story generally has "a beginning, a middle, and an end," and that it usually deals with "the life of man, or a group of men, or the important details of that life"? The lowly state of the study of literature in American colleges, I'm afraid, will not be raised very much by the present volume.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OF NOTHING AND THE WOLFE

(Continued from page 4)

chaos, in a thousand little sleeping towns built across the land (O my America! O my!) I have pursued my soul's desire, looking for a stone, a leaf, a door we never found, feeling my Faustian life intolerably in my entrails. I have quivered a thousand times in sensual terror and ecstatic joy as the 5:07 pulled in. I have felt a wild and mournful sorrow at the thought, the wonderful thought, that everything I have seen and known (and have I not known and seen all that is to be seen and known upon this dark, brooding continent?) has come out of my own life, is indeed I, or me, the youth eternal, many-visaged and many-volumed.

"Whatever it may be, I have sought it through my kaleidoscopic days and velvet-and duvetyn-breasted nights, and, in my dark, illimitable madness, in my insatiate and huge unrest, in my appalling and obscene fancies, in my haunting and lonely memories (for we are all lonely), in my grotesque, abominable and frenzied prodigalities, I have always cried aloud—"

"Whoo-oops," gargled, snorted and snuffled Aunt Liz from out her dream of time.

"What is it that we know so well and cannot speak?" continued the youth, striding a thousand strides across a hundred floors. "What is it that we speak so well and cannot know? Why this ceaseless pullulation stirring in my branching veins, not to be stilled even by the white small bite and tigerish clasp of secret women, of whom I have had one thousand in round figures? Whence the savagery, the hunger and the fear? I have sought the answer in four hundred and twelve libraries, including the Mercantile, the 42nd Street Public, the Muhlenberg Branch, and the Brooklyn—ah, Brooklyn, vast, mysterious, and never-to-be forgotten Brooklyn and its congeries of swarming, unfathomable life, O Brooklyn! I have read in ten years at least 20,000 books, devouring them twelve hours a day, no holidays, 400 pages to a book, or in other words,—and I am furiously fond of other words—I have read 33 pages a minute, or a page every two seconds. Yet during this very same period I managed with ease to prowl ten thousand wintry, barren and accursed streets, to lie, you recollect, with one thousand women, and take any number of train-trips (Oh! the dark earth stroking forever past the huge projectile!) This is it to be a Gant! Questing my destiny lying ever before me, I have been life's beauty-drunken lover, and kept women and notebooks in a hundred cities, yet have I never found the door or turned the knob or slipped the bolt or torn off the leaf or crossed the road or climbed the fence. I have seen fury riding in the mountains, but who will show me the door?"

At this point Aunt Liz, with broad, placid, harmonious strokes, swam up out of her dream of time, and, uttering no word, arose from her chair. Out of her dark pocket, pursing characteristically her underlip, she drew a Key and with it opened, at the back of the room, a Door. The youth followed her within. Before him stretched, extended and was a combined and compacted pantry, provision-chamber, larder, storage-cellar and ice-house.

From the ceiling hung flitches of bacon, strings of onions, and festoons of confetti. On the walls hung and depended the carcasses and bodies of rabbits, hares, sheep, lambs, chamois and gazelles. On smaller hooks and on shelves were stored partridges, grouse, plovers, geese, turkeys, pheasants, snipe, capercailzie, royal bustards, and three penguins designed by Walt Disney. On the floor at the rear lay sadly a small whale. Ranged on shelves were seasonings and condiments —serried boxes, packages, canisters, bottles and jars of salt (including Epsom, Kruschen, Enos, Seidlitz and Glauber), cinnamon, saffron, olive oil, palm oil, colza oil, groundnut oil, castor oil, and just the old oil. In a tumultuous variety of bread-boxes were to be seen cornbread, rye, gluten, white, whole wheat, buns, pumpernickel, scones, bannocks, oatcakes, biscuits, *croissants* and *brioches*, and many cubic feet of permanently buttered toast. In the section reserved for *charcuterie* the youth's brilliant eye fell on quantities of ham, tongue, smoked eels, salami, pork, caviar, smoked salmon, bacon, pimentoes, gherkins, pickles, *foie gras*, anchovies, sardines, *liverwurst, cervelat, chipolata, mortadello*, and striking quantities of plain boloney. In an enormous icebox rested crates, boxes and cases of eggs deriving from the hen, the sparrow, the bantam, the duck, the turkey, the goose, and the bald-headed eagle. In another, nested in ice, lay, deliciously, salmon, trout, carp, perch, eels, pike, herrings, mackerel, and shark's-fins. The cheeses included Roquefort, Camembert, Cheddar, Cheshire, Stilton, Gorgonzola, Brie, Saint-Marcellin, and Snacks. Of fruit and vegetables there were too many for recounting in this volume, but the curious reader will find them in the sequel, "Eugene on the River in a Catboat."

Dazzled, astounded, bewildered and amazed, the youth, thoroughly surprised, surveyed these riches, then turned, in a paroxysm of joy, to Aunt Liz, forever brooding on her dream of time.

"*This*, then, was the Key," he ululated, "*this* the Door from which the Wolfe cannot be kept!" Triumphantly he snatched a few dozen forks, knives, spoons, and can-openers and set to, his long, weary and unfathomable quest at last over forever.

"Beep," chuckled Uncle Habbakuk gauntly.

IT was very considerate of the Standard Vacuum Oil Company to scram out of Ethiopia at Secretary Hull's request. Now, no doubt, the Secretary will follow up his good work by telling certain New York banking interests to scram out of Cuba, Puerto Rico, and Haiti. But we're not holding our breath till he does.

WHEN Magistrate Brodsky freed the five who were alleged to have torn down the swastika on the Bremen he gave, for the first time in our history, judicial sanction to something closely approaching direct action. That's what comes of a judge who, as it is reported, admires Old Sam Adams, late of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts there she stands.

The Nazis Find A Friend

"The Semites reject everything that pertains to the pig. The Nordic peoples, on the contrary, accord the pig the highest possible honors. . . . In the cult of the Germans the pig occupies the first place, and is the first among the domestic animals. This predominance of the pig, the sacred animal destined to sacrifices among the Nordic peoples, makes it right to conclude that the religion of these peoples has drawn its originality from the great trees of the Germanic forests. . . . Thus out of the darkness of earliest history arise two human races, whose attitude in respect of pigs presents an absolute contrast. The Semites do not understand the pig, they do not accept the pig, they reject the pig, where this animal occupies the first place in the cult of the Nordic peoples."

HERR WALTHER DARRÉ, MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE IN THE THIRD REICH.

CLERICALISM INVADES AMERICAN POLITICS

(Continued from page 5)

the way for the penetration of Latin America and the Philippines by Wall Street capital. The ruthless exploitation of the Latin Catholic population by American capital has time and again shocked liberals, but the Catholic leaders in the United States have never denounced it. They have, on the contrary, gone on record urging the State Department to take steps against independent Latin-American Republics which refused to sanction the predatory policies of the church, as, recently, in the case of Mexico.

General Leonard A. Wood was the first head of the provisional government of Cuba after the Spanish-American War. In that post he first came into contact with the Catholic Church in its political aspect, and the ties that grew between Wood and the Church in Cuba stood both in good stead when he became Governor of the Catholic Philippines. His appointment to the last job may even have been influenced by the church, whose position in the islands, now recognized by official Washington, was so obscure when the United States took possession that Congress was openly hostile to it, as is shown in a Congressional report of Philippine conditions made at the beginning of this century. For his services to the church, of which he was not a communicant, General Wood was made the recipient of the Order of Pope Pius IX. This decoration is the highest the church can confer on a non-Catholic.

President Roosevelt, appreciating the reality of Catholic influence in the increasingly unruly Philippines, appointed a member of the Catholic Church as Governor, former Mayor Frank Murphy of Detroit who was once a member of the faculty of the Catholic University of Detroit. Murphy's appointment was immediately recognized in Washington as a church-inspired move. The New York *Herald Tribune* said: "By sending a Catholic to the Philippines Mr. Roosevelt, it is thought, will appease those elements who thought there should have been more than one Catholic in the Cabinet. As origin-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ally selected, the new Cabinet contained two Catholics—James A. Farley, as Postmaster General, and Senator Thomas J. Walsh, as Attorney General."

No attempt is being made here to argue that every Catholic or Protestant who holds a government position explicitly represents a church within the government organization, although the facts show that avowed Catholics go further than non-Catholics, or appear to, in representing the viewpoint of their church. Perhaps this is due to the fact that Catholic policies are more noticeable in a Protestant governmental environment. Under Mr. Farley, for example, the Post Office Department is sponsoring legislation directed against obscene literature which the birth controllers fear is merely a veiled attempt to get at them. Catholics have appeared in Washington to contest a proposed amendment which would specifically exempt birth control literature from the new legislation, lending color to the contention that Mr. Farley is attempting to put over a fast one for his church.

The Protestant churches, it cannot be denied, have also tried, often successfully, to get the government to implement their policies with legislation. Both the Abolitionist and Prohibitionist movements originated in the Protestant churches, and, while it is true that neither movement was officially successful until advantage seemed to accrue to certain financial groups as the result of such legislation, the fact remains that the movements were born in the Protestant churches. But the case of the Protestant churches is somewhat special, for the nation has from the beginning been overwhelmingly Protestant in temper. The Catholic Church in the United States is in a different position with its special policies, and often requires a *quid pro quo* from the government. Supported by ancient traditions and relatively inflexible and autocratic in structure, the Church of Rome has always found it necessary to seek governmental assistance in combatting new ideas that appeared to challenge its moral power directly or indirectly.

In no national campaign prior to that of 1932 did an outstanding Catholic cleric take the stump aggressively for a Presidential candidate. Bishop Cannon of the Methodist Church in 1928 set the record for clerical activities on an anti-Catholic basis. It matters not that the 1932 candidates were both Protestants and that one of them would have won hands down even had Father Coughlin not supported him. The important thing is that a precedent was established for Catholic clerics in an American political campaign, a precedent which will certainly be built upon in the future. Coughlin, it is true, does not speak for his church; the bishops, archbishops and cardinals of the rich dioceses are against him. But he does speak for a large section within the church and even the public opposition he gets from such personages as Cardinal O'Connell has the effect of forcing an internal church dispute into the open political arena and thereby influencing political developments. Clericalism, that bane of European politics, must now be recognized as an active factor in American political life.

Feeling entitled to more support from a government they have assisted in the past, and not often for progressive purposes, various Catholic spokesmen have recently suggested that government funds, state or federal, be allocated to parochial schools. There are relatively few such Protestant schools, so this would mean subsidies to Catholic schools. The *Tablet*, Catholic organ of the Brooklyn diocese, first made this suggestion publicly, and was supported by spokesmen of poor dioceses in all parts of the United States, many of which are in default on their obligations. The idea of a federal subsidy appears to have been dropped temporarily because the country as a whole would hardly endorse the idea of financing a competitor of the cherished public school system, but Catholic lobbyists and politicians, aware of the church influence with voters, are at present actively working to produce a formula which will enable funds of certain states to be funnelled into parochial schools. This is true both in New York and Massachusetts, and may be true elsewhere. Anti-birth control legislation in many states testifies to the political might of the Catholic Church.

The civil services must not be overlooked in appraising the development of Catholic clericalism in American politics. Members of the Catholic Church, who on the whole take their church membership much more seriously than do Protestants, are in the majority in the civil services of large cities like New York, Chicago, Boston, Pittsburgh, Buffalo, Detroit and San Francisco, and often predominate in federal civil services in the Northern cities. The church has long been aware of this and for many decades has asserted a religious organizational interest in these government workers. The Holy Name Society, formed in this country in 1882 as an "indulgence confraternity" with its original membership consisting mainly of immigrants who had obtained city government jobs through Tammany Hall, now requires all its members to take Communion every three months—in a body. In the large Catholic cities it is not unusual to see large groups of police, firemen and postal carriers marching in their government uniforms to communion breakfast, where they are exhorted by various politicians and church dignitaries.

These integrated voting bodies—for that is really all they are—who, by their group participation in special religious services in their status as governmental employés are made conscious of the difference between themselves and other groups of citizens—are manifestly destined in the new relationship between Church and State for larger political rôles. That the Catholic Church realizes a new stage has been reached in its political fortunes is manifest in the recent launching of the Catholic Action under the leadership of Alfred E. Smith, the nation's most celebrated Catholic layman. The political meaning of the Catholic Action cannot be fully understood unless one has studied the course of the Catholic Action in countries like France, Austria and Spain. The whole purpose behind it is to place approved Catholics in political offices and to endorse non-Catholic office-holders who prove friendly to the Catholic viewpoint on questions like birth control, immigration, school subsidies and Catholic affairs in foreign countries. In Austria and Spain the Catholic Action at an advanced stage of development became Fascist. It is virtually Fascist now in France. Will it become Fascist in the United States?

WE INVITE YOU TO BE ONE OF 500 ENEMIES OF NAZISM TO HELP CIRCULATE IN GERMANY A PAMPHLET AGAINST ANTI-SEMITISM, WE BELIEVE THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF GERMAN PEOPLE WHO, LIKE ORDINARY AMERICANS, CAN BE PERSUADED THAT THE STREICHERS ARE MISLEADING THEM. WE ARE GIVING THEM THE FACTS ABOUT THE NAZI RACE THEORIES AND INFORMATION ON THE ATTITUDE OF THE OUTSIDE WORLD. WILL YOU HELP US SPREAD THIS LITERATURE BY GIVING $10.00 IMMEDIATELY?

INTERNATIONAL RELIEF ASSOCIATION

Oswald Garrison Villard, *Chairman*
Freda Kirchwey, *Treasurer*
Sterling Spero, *Secretary*

Freda Kirchwey, Treasurer,
20 Vesey Street, New York, N. Y.

I will be glad to give $10.00* to help spread within Germany the pamphlets exposing the false race theories of the Nazis.

Name .....

Address .....

* *If you cannot send* $10.00, *send less, but send something immediately.*

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR

Edited by

Charles Angoff

Will be vigorously left in politics and economics, but it will not be dogmatic, and it will belong to no party.

Short, critical articles, interpreting fearlessly and with the fullest information, the passing political and economic scene, both here and abroad—brief, satirical sketches, short stories, and occasional poems of merit—vigorous editorials and critical book reviews—will make THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR interesting to those who wish to know the *truth* about men and affairs.

The day of spineless impartiality—another phrase for ignorant timidity—has gone. Henceforth, THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR will be a militant magazine that should be read by every intelligent and thoughtful person.

10c per Copy at all newsstands—
Regular subscription price—$1.00 a year

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR,
132 West 31st Street,
New York City

Enter my subscription for one year beginning with the ..... issue. I enclose .....
($1.00, U. S. and possessions, $1.50 Canada, $2.00 foreign).

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WAGE SLAVERY IN NEW ENGLAND

(Continued from page 2)

Chiseling and Gouging

The first ten days of the survey identified more than 13,000 workers already gouged by greedy employers in the area between New York and New Haven alone. More than 8,800 of them have been put on longer hours, and 4,000 have received wage cuts since the decease of the NRA.

These estimates were verified by a flood of complaints, pouring into the State Labor Department at Hartford. Within a fortnight such complaints were filed against 88 different firms, in twelve cities and towns of the section referred to. These complaints inspired Deputy Commissioner of Labor W. J. Fitzgerald, in charge of factory inspections, to declare: "The attempt to keep alive the industrial and labor standards of NRA by voluntary agreement is hopeless!"

Analysis of the complaints received in the Labor Department revealed that they ranged from 50% sal ry cuts, to 108% increase in working hou It was evident that the greediest gougers are small business men. And lengthening hours, without increase in wages, proved far more popular than salary cuts.

Outstanding among the latter, however, were two garment concerns in South Norwalk, which discharged most of their 350 employees, and then re-hired them the next day at exactly half of the Blue Eagle wage! One Bridgeport garment factory cut wages 10%; and another reduced them from $15 a week to $11. Some Norwalk textile mills imposed a 15% reduction.

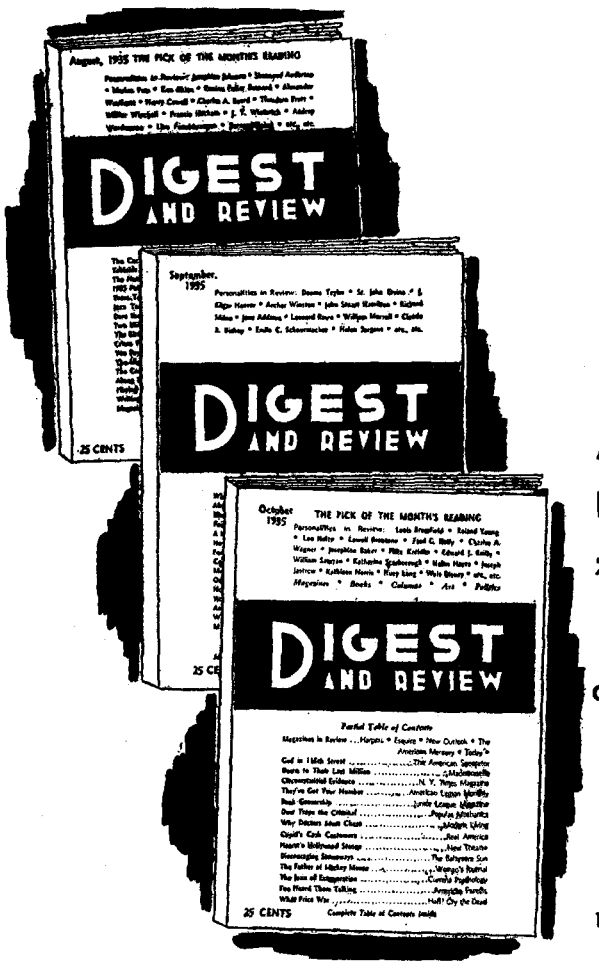
Labor Department officials coöperated with officers of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers Association, to end a strike called on June 4, in the plant of the United Shirt & Blouse Company, at Shelton, Conn. The 200 girls employed there walked out, some of them declaring their $13 a week minimum, had been cut to $5 and $7 a week.

Against this flood-tide of chiseling, the State Labor Department is making a valiant effort to do a King Canute. State law violations are being instituted, and convictions secured. But minor successes only serve to prove the prevalence of the abuses.

Recently, Mrs. Lydia Marazita, proprietor of the Marie Dress Company of Bridgeport, was fined $600, and sentenced to 48 days in jail, for failing to pay 24 garment workers the wages they had earned. The investigation revealed, incidentally, that the girls who registered complaints against the Marie Dress Shop are already experiencing difficulty in securing other positions—although employers in the garment industry were quick to proclaim denials of the existence of any black list. Two of the women were forced to move to Ansonia in order to obtain work.

A conviction was secured against the New Haven Dress Company, and 27 girl witnesses testified that they were paid considerably less than the amount shown on their time cards. Many of them made affidavit that they received as little as $6.50 for a week's work.

These figures seem to indicate that the industry is threatening to flop right back to the pre-NRA status, and that status was admittedly disgraceful.



The Pick of the Month's Reading

●

A Digest and Review of the latest Plays, Books, Magazines, Political Articles, etc.

●

Get the current issue at your newsstand—

25c per copy

Special Five Months Subscription Price $1.00

DIGEST AND REVIEW

132 West 31st Street New York City

Psychology Classics Now $1.00 Each

MANAGING YOUR MIND

—By Joseph Jastrow

One of the most prominent psychologists living today here discourses, in language understandable to all, on the rules of logical thinking. He avoids all the technical phraseology of the college class-room, but he manages to say very nearly everything of moment to the intelligent layman with regard to the logical processes of mature thinking. He draws his examples from everyday life, and what he has to say will prove enlightening to you.

PILOTING YOUR LIFE

—By Joseph Jastrow

The nervous tension of contemporary living has resulted in a large number of mental ailments and social maladjustments. Most of them are purely functional, and have no organic basis whatever. Their treatment demands the advice of a trained psychologist—and the author of the present book is not merely one of the best trained psychologists in America, but also an authority of international renown. Here he delves into the typical psychological problems of ordinary, decent citizens, and what he has to say is bound to be of help even to the sanest among us.

THE EDUCATION OF CHILDREN

—By Alfred Adler

No phase of psychology is so important as that branch which bears upon the early years of the child. In these formative years, the slightest details of care have deep importance. No field in the study of mankind is so near to Dr. Adler's heart. The result of his experience is here applied so that the parent or teacher can reap the benefit and profit by its application.

PSYCHOLOGY INSTITUTE OF AMERICA, INC.,
132 West 31st St.,
New York, N. Y.

Enclosed $..... (Check or Money Order) for the books checked. Price $1.00 each, plus 10c for postage.

☐ Managing Your Mind
☐ Piloting Your Life
☐ The Education of Children

Name .....

Address .....

When Planning A Trip Abroad

Consult the TRAVEL BUREAU maintained by THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR for the convenience of its readers.

Educational tours will be arranged for groups interested in the study of economics, social welfare, science, art, music, or any subject of general interest.

If you want to visit Europe with congenial people at moderate expense write for further information to

TRAVEL BUREAU
THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR
132 West 31st Street New York, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED